THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do oth erwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1879. NUMBER 31.

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The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates::

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't forget it.

NEW GOODS!

REVOLUTION IN ALTOONA.

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

Clothing House

Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

WE SNATCHED THESE

GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW

that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!

THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!

A TERRIBLE PAINC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FOLLOWING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Man's Suit for $4.00 that others sell at $6.00.
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A Man's pair of Working Pant's for 50c.
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A Man's good White Dress Shirt for 50c.
A Man's Hat for 38c.
A pair of Men's Suspenders for 7c.
Men's Socks, 6 pairs for 25c.
A Boy's Hat for 25c.
A Boy's Coat, Pants and Vest for $2.25.

And a thousand and one other things we have neither time nor space to enumerate; but just come and see the rush at the

RENOWNED AND POPULAR

Young America

CLOTHING EMPORIUM!

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,

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AND A

WELCOME ONE FOR BUYERS!

IT IS SO! SO IT IS!

AND SURE WE ARE IT IS SO!

IT IS SO, SO IT IS, THAT WE HAVE

PUT DOWN THE PRICES OF ALL KIND OF GOODS

To figures which agreeably surprise all buyers, and are now selling

LAWNS, WHITE GOODS, GRENADINES, HERNANNIS, PERCALES,

BATISTE CLOTHS, CRETONS, AND ALL OTHER

LIGHT COLORED DRESS GOODS!

AT LESS THAN COST.

Also, LINEN SUITS,

Curtain Laces in Great Variety,

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And a fine stock of the Ladies' Great Protectors, the

SILK GOSSAMER COATS,

AT PRICES AWAY BELOW COST.

We have a large stock of fashionable and seasonable goods, in which we are offering great bargains.

A Full Line of Carpets,

Such as Brussels, Woolen, Hemp and Rag. Also, Oil Cloths, Window Shades and Fixtures.

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BOSS STORE,

CORNER ELEVENTH AVENUE AND TWELFTH STREETS, ALTOONA, PA.

DR. M. B. CREERY, *Surgeon Dentist*, having located in the offered residence owned and recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Oatman, respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, and guarantees good work at honest prices. ☞ A lady assistant will be in attendance whenever her services are required.-☞ Anesthetics carefully and safely administered when desired. The patronage of all in need of dental services is respectfully solicited. [5-22, '76-tf.]

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Julian street, and nearly opposite the Blair House. Consultations in both German and English. Night calls should be made at the office. [8-9, 77.-tf.]

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. ☞ Office and residence adjoining Post-Office, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. [4-4-77.-1y.]

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TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

—OF THE—

PENNA. STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

—WILL BE HELD IN—

MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING,

Fairmount Park, Philad'a,

September 8th to 20th, 1879, Inclusive.

Entries and Competition FREE!

Entry Books will close at the office Northwest corner Tenth and Chestnut streets, September 2d, 1879.

$15,000 in Cash Premiums.

CASH PRIZES for Live Stock, $9,000.

A Ring, for exercise and parade of Horses and Cattle, will be provided.

☞ Liberal Premiums are also offered for Fruits, Flowers, Ornamental Plants, Products of the Farm and Dairy, Tools, Implements, Machinery, Textiles, Furniture, Manufactured Goods, &c., &c.

Excursion Tickets will be sold at greatly reduced rates on all railroads centring at Philadelphia, and liberal arrangements for transportation have been made.

WILLIAM S. BISSELL, President.
D. W. SHILER, Recording Secretary.
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Aug. 15, 1879.-3t.

GREAT REDUCTION!

$147.60 A Year.

[INSTITUTE AND GROUNDS.]

CHAMBERLAIN INSTITUTE AND FEMALE COLLEGE, RANDOLPH, N.Y.

It is a large and thoroughly equipped Seminary for both sexes. Established in 1850. Property free from debt, $100,000.00. New Boarding Hall, with steam heat, etc., erected in 1875 at a cost of $45,000. Excellent board and home-like arrangements throughout. Total expense for board, furnished room, steam heat, light, washing, and tuition for 14 weeks, $40.20; for one year, $147.60. For catalogue or further information, address,

Prof. J. T. EDWARDS, D. D., PRINCIPAL.

☞ Fall Term opens August 28. Winter Term opens December 4. Spring Term opens March 25. July 18, 1879.-3t.

TRIAL LIST, SEPTEMBER TERM.

—List of Causes set down for trial at the ensuing term of Court, commencing on Monday, Sept. 1st, 1879:

FIRST WEEK.

Cambria County	vs. Trunkley.
Glass	vs. Traxler.
Use of Reade	vs. McGough.
Wehn's Adm'r	vs. Hoch's Adm'r.
Will	vs. Wigley.

SECOND WEEK.

Use of Doty, Parker & Co.	vs. Lauder.
Law	vs. Klein.
Russell & Co.	vs. Leiden.
Stenmetz	vs. Cable.
Hopple, Beaver & Co.	vs. Hawks.
Negley	vs. Stineman.
Weakland	vs. Hopple & Beaver.
Griffith & Davis' Ass'nee's	vs. Kilmenyer.
Hipps & Lloyd	vs. Lantry.
Kstruff	vs. Kyle et al.
Wolf	vs. McGough.
Lloyd's Adm'rs	vs. Stiles.
Alexander	vs. Sharar's Adm'r.
Use of Scanlon	vs. Imhoff.
Hiles	vs. Lantry.
Ryan	vs. Holdsclter.
Use of Marshall	vs. Byrne.
Hawks	vs. Hopple, Beaver & Co.
Lloyd's Assignees	vs. Moore's Adm'r.
Cambria County	vs. Fredhoff.
Dibert's Ex'rs	vs. Switzburg.
Conrad's Executors	vs. Browns.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, August 4, 1879.

State Normal School
Indiana, Pa.

Building, the best of the kind in the United States.
Accommodations for 400 Boarders.
School first-class in all respects.
Departments—Normal, Classical, Commercial, Musical.
The Fall Term of 15 weeks will open on
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1879,
Expenses as low as those of any other school affording equal advantages and accommodations.

For Catalogue, address
JOHN H. FRENCH, LL. D.,
Aug. 8, 1879.-2m. PRINCIPAL.

St. Aloysius' Academy,
Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa.
Under the Care of the Sisters of Mercy.

THE healthy climate, beautiful scenery and long established reputation of this Young Ladies' Academy, independently of the recent reduction in charges made to suit the times, render this Institution most desirable to parents and guardians.

☞ Terms per session of 5 months, only $75.00. Music, drawing, painting and the languages form extra charges.

For particulars address
DIRECTRESS OF THE ACADEMY.
Loretto, July 18, 1879.-2m.*

WIDOW'S APPRAISEMENT.—Notice is hereby given that the following named appraisement of property appraised and set apart for the widow of decedent under the act of Assembly of the 4th April, A. D. 1851, has been filed in the Register's office at Ebensburg, in and for the county of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation and allowance, on *Wednesday, the 3d day of September*, A. D. 1879, to wit:

Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Wehn, widow of George Wehn, late of Jackson township, deceased. J. G. LAKE, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 4, 1879.

MEADVILLE
Business College

A thorough course in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Telegraphing, Drawing, English Branches, &c. Send for circulars and specimens of Plain and Ornamental Penmanship. Terms, six cents in stamps. Address A. W. SMITH,
Aug. 1, 1879.-4t. Meadville, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of ELIZABETH BIGLEY, dec'd. Letters of Administration on the estate of Elizabeth Bigley, late of Washington township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
THOMAS MAXWELL, Adm'r.
Lilly's, August 1, 1879.-6t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of GEORGE WEHN, Sr., deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of Geo. Wehn, Sr., late of Jackson township, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JAS. M. SINGER,
Ebensburg, July 25, 1879.-6t. Administrator.

$1200 profits on 30 days' investment of $100 —Official Reports, sent free.— Proportional returns every week on Stock Options of $20, - $50, - $100, - $500. Address T. Potter Wight & Co., Bankers, 25 Wall St., N. Y.

AGENTS READ THIS
We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address SURMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. $11 Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

$777 a YEAR and expenses to Ag'ts. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N.Y.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always around.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom;
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click clack! there's a thread of love wove in;
Click clack! another of wrong and sin:
What a checkered thing will this life be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like a mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its work outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one:
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you nor I
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end I know,
And some day the last thread will be woven in
God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of wool for this life web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, then, oh my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

Gen. Washington and the Ragamuffins.

In the month of October, 1789, Gen. George Washington, who was then President of the United States, and residing in New York city, made a tour, attended by his secretaries, Messrs. Lear and Jackson, to the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

History tells us how, in every part of the country through which he passed, the citizens embraced the opportunity, then offered, to testify their respect and even veneration for this man, in whose character whatever was great and good, whatever dignified and adorned human nature, was so happily blended.

Whenever he approached a town or village the roads were lined with the inhabitants who had turned out to bid him welcome; and in many instances he was escorted by local companies of militia from point to point.

The whole community was now wro't up to the highest pitch of excitement in regard to the presence of the distinguished visitor, and hardly anything else was talked of in the towns and villages thro' which he had to pass.

Esquire Samuel Dunton came home from a trip to Norwich to Willington, a little township nestled among and almost hidden by the hills of eastern Connecticut, and set all the men, women and children into a blaze of enthusiasm with the news that the Presidential party were to pass over the Hartford and Providence "turnpike," and would arrive at a point in the south part of Willington, near Mansfield, at about eleven o'clock on the next forenoon. The Willington folks immediately set about organizing a company to go down and join the Mansfield people in giving General Washington a suitable reception.

Of course there were plenty of wide-awake girls and boys who wanted to go with the older people and get a glimpse of the great man; but in those days children were taught that they were "to be seen and not heard," and on all important occasions were kept rather in the background.

The October morning opened bright and beautiful, and the Preston family at the tannery were astir early, and with their neighbors, the Holts, the Westons, the Allens, the Pearls, and the Duntons, started in the early, rosy morn, in holiday array, down the woody Mansfield road.

A group of eager, active, bright-faced boys were gathered on the bridge to see them off. They watched the cavalcade, men and women both on horseback—each horse carrying a man with a woman behind him on a "pillion"—until it disappeared in the gray mist rising over Fenton river.

There was a few moments of silence, and the lugubrious faces of the boys were growing longer and longer over their disappointment, when Timothy Pearl, the oldest and most daring of the group, said:

"I'll tell you what it is, boys, if General Washington is to pass so near us to-day, I intend to get a sight of him. Esquire Dunton said he'd likely be along down on the cross-roads about eleven o'clock. I'm going to run away down to the turnpike. How many of you will go with me? If we go 'cross lots and run down all the hills, and step pretty spry the rest of the way, there's no doubt that we can get there in time to see him."

Half a dozen of the boys caught off their hats, and, swinging them high in the air, gave three rousing cheers for General and President Washington.—Little eight-years-old Amos Preston jumped up and down, swinging his tasseled hat and shouting as enthusiastic as his older comrades. When, with a "*one, two, three!* start!" they were off with a leap-frog jump, they found Amos bringing up the rear.

"Amos, you *can't* go!" Zebadiah Marcy shouted back at the little fellow. "Your legs are too short."

"Try me and see," said Amos stoutly. "I think it's too bad if General Washington is to come so near and I not see him as well as the rest of you. I want to see him just as much as if my legs were longer."

"Let him go," said David Glazier, who was only a little older than Amos, but very much taller. "He's a pleasant little fellow, and never complains nor whimpers when he is tired. We big boys can give him a lift if he tuckers." And reaching out he took Amos by the hand, and the boys started once more.

Away they went, striking out across the fields and woods, gay with the variegated leaves, not stopping to disturb the squirrels laying in their store of nuts, nor taking time to pause in the shadowy orchards to fill their wide pockets with the fragrant fruit that lay thickly strewn on the turf. First one and then another of the boys took Amos by the hand for a run, or to help him jump over the huge fallen trees or the brooks that intercepted their way.

Just before the boys came upon the turnpike, they paused under a group of maples to take breath.

"How like ragamuffins we look with our old clothes on, and they all so torn and muddy!" said Zebulon Crocker. "What would the General think of us if he should happen to spy us?"

"Let's trim ourselves up," said little Amos. "Here's lots of bright leaves; and there's a thorn bush with plenty of thorns to fasten them on with."

"Sure enough, and well thought of," said Elijah Elbridge. "Amos knows a thing or two, if his legs are so short."

When the boys again resumed their running march, decked out from head to foot with the golden and scarlet leaves, they presented a fantastic sight indeed.

"O, see, see! hurrah, *hurrah*, HURRAH!" shouted Jeduthun Rice, as the tired company of boys reached the crest of a hill that overlooked a wide expanse of the section that embraced portions of the towns of Ashford, Willington and Mansfield. And away in the distance, coming down the Ashford hills, the excited group saw a long line of vehicles, among them two large coaches and fours, preceded by a company of militia, their muskets glistening in the sun, occasionally a strain of martial music reaching the erect ears of the Willington boys.

Soon they emerged into the highway. And when they came to the turnpike which intercepted it, and made what was known as the "Crossroads," they found the Presidential party had alighted, and were resting under the shadow of an immense oak tree near by.

There was quite a crowd of people gathered about General Washington and his party, and at first our rather venturesome boys thought it would be impossible for them to get a sight of the great man. But they perseveringly edged their way along, and at last, reaching the large coach in which the General rode, and upon the box of which sat the liveried and pompous negro driver, boy-like they edged in under it, and found themselves in the immediate vicinity of General Washington.

The slight movement that the coach-horses made as the boys ensconced themselves beneath the vehicle, caused the General to look around for the cause of the disturbance, and presently he was looking into the sweaty, dusty faces of these fantastically garlanded boys.

A quiet smile lighted up the President's countenance, as he pleasantly said:

"Come out, boys, and let us see what you are."

The boys scrambled out, and, with admirable presence of mind arranged themselves alongside of the coach and removed their hats, while the General stood in front of them, evidently amused at the very queer appearance they made, at the same time pleased with their respectful attitude.

"Well, well, my boys, you must have been running quite hard in order to see me, and have, I suppose, bedecked yourselves with these beautiful autumn leaves in my honor. I bid you a very good morning."

"Oh, dear me," cried little Amos, impulsively, "you are nothing but a man after all, sir."

"You are quite right, my fine little fellow," said the General, laughing, and doubtless touched by the entire boyish tribute; and, stepping forward and patting little Amos' head, he continued: "You are right, and, if I mistake not your character, I am no more of a man than you will be some day. That is something for you all to remember. You who are boys now are soon to be the men upon whom our country must depend."

The boys bowed and, dodging again under the great coach, made place for a party of county magnates who were approaching.

The Willington folks were horrified when they beheld the fantastic array of runaway boys; and the oldest grandfather of them all, who had not known of the little passage between them and General Washington, shook his long cane at them and, in a trembling voice, said:

"We will settle with you, you young rascals, when you get home."

"If you horsewhip us to death, sir," said Timothy Pearl, in reply, "you can't help it that we've seen General Washington. Besides, sir, our parents didn't say we shouldn't come. They only thought we wouldn't dare think of coming down here, we are so young."

The boys went back into the woods and across lots as happy as any little boys could be; and twisting a triumphal litter of slender saplings, they gaily bore little Amos on their shoulders back to the quiet Willington valley, proud of him as the only boy they knew of who had been patted on the head by General Washington.

This little Amos, who was my husband's grandfather, took great pride in this incident to the day of his death, and often related it to his grandchildren. Most of them, as well as some of his own children now living, will vouch for the truth of this story; and that old oak tree is yet standing in the locality described.

FROM LITTLE TO GREAT.

In 1847, the ship New Era was wrecked off Deal, N. J. Three hundred emigrants were in the steerage, and the Captain, to "keep order," as he said, nailed down the hatchways tight.

He and part of the crew then escaped to shore, but the ship, with its throbbing freight of shrieking, praying human beings, went to the bottom. It is said that the Captain grew old before his time, and crept through but a few miserable years, starting at a shadow, and thinking that every sound was the cry of his drowning victims.

But this was not the end. It would seem as if that dying cry had been heard in heaven, and had not failed to bring down a blessing.

An old farmer who saw the shipwreck, and was appalled by it, went to the Congressman from that district (Hon. William Newell), told him the story, and urged him to do something to stop the frightful sacrifice of life on the coast.

Vessels stranded or wrecked had then no succor except such as the fishermen in their boats could give. On the lee-shore of New Jersey alone the deaths from shipwreck amounted to thousands annually.

Mr. Newell procured an appropriation from Congress for surf-boats, etc., for the use of people on shore in saving life. What is everybody's duty is nobody's, and the fishermen neglected theirs for six years, when the wreck of the Powhatan on Manasquan beach, with 400 souls on board, roused Congress again.

The life-saving service was established, which, in 1871, under its present chief, Sumner Kimball, was thoroughly organized. It is now the best system in the world for saving life on the coast.

A complete cordon of stations is established along the Atlantic, part of the Pacific and lake coasts, manned for nine months with able surfmen, and equipped with life-cars, boats, mortars for shooting a ball, line signals, etc. The loss of life has been reduced yearly from thousands to units—a work which perhaps might never have been accomplished if the honest Jersey farmer had kept silent.

Plant your seed of good, however small. Some day, when you are dead perhaps, it will grow to a goodly tree. You may never know it, but God will know.

GEN. FORREST'S GAME OF POKER.

A THRILLING STORY—DID HIS WIFE PRAY WHILE HE WAS PLAYING?

Several years ago, says the Nashville *Banner*, Gen. Forrest visited this city and stopped at the old City Hotel.—That night several gentlemen called to see him, among them a gentleman now connected with the *Banner*. The room had been crowded during the early part of the night, and Forrest had received the usual attention bestowed upon him. Now, however, he was sitting off to himself, and appeared worn and tired out. Our informant, wishing to have a talk with him about himself, sought him, and entered into conversation with him:

"General," says he, "I've heard you were a great poker player in your time."

"Yes," says the General, "I have played some," and his eyes began to sparkle with the memory of old times, and heat once seemed interested in the subject, for be it known that no one was fonder than he in recounting his wonderful exploits.

"How much, General, was the largest stake you ever played?"

"I once called $48,000 in New Orleans."

"Did you win?"

"Oh, yes! I won it."

"What was your hand, General?"

"It was three kings."

"But," says he, "the hardest game I ever played was at Memphis. Just after the war closed my wife and I went to Memphis, and we stopped at the Worsham House. The next morning we got our things together, and I emptied all my papers out of my trunk on the floor, and Mary (I'm not certain his wife's name was Mary, but that will do for the tale) went over and over them, hunting for something to raise money out of. I emptied my pockets and Mary emptied her'n, and between us we had seven dollars and thirty cents. After huntin' over everything, we found that every man who owed me was either dead or broke. I hadn't one single paper on which I could raise a cent outen. After we got through the pile I looked at Mary and Mary looked at me. 'Now, what's to be done Mary?' says I. 'I don't know,' says she, 'but the Lord will provide.' You see, Mary was one of the best women in the world, and she had a heap of faith in her religion. I looked at her right straight a long time, and at last says I: 'Mary, you are a mighty good woman, and I'm going to tell you something. There's to be a big dinner at —— this evening, and I'm invited. They always play poker at that house, and you have always been agin me playing, and I reckon you are right about it. But things have become desperate with us, and somehow I feel if you wouldn't be agin me, but would pray for me, I could make a raise to-night.'"

"Says she, 'Bedford, I can't do it.—It's wrong for you to do it, and I'd heap rather you wouldn't.'

"'But, Mary,' says I, 'I never was in such a fix before. Here we are with no money but $7.30, and that wouldn't pay our tavern bill. I can't lose no more than that, for I'll swear I won't be on credit. If I lose that, I'll come home, and if I win, then we'll have something to start on.' Well, I argued and argued with her, but she wouldn't say yes. But at last she says:

"'Bedford, I know your mind is set on it, and I know you are going to bet whether I'm willin' or not; so I won't say nothing more about it.'

"But, somehow, I felt when I started that she was for me, and I jist knowed how it would be.

"Well, I went some time before dinner, and, sure enough, they were at it. They had three tables—one had a quarter ante, one a half, and one a dollar and a half. I wanted my seven dollars to last as long as I could make it, and so I set down to the quarter table. We bet on until dinner, and by that time I had won enough to do better; and, after we had eat, I sat down to the dollar-and-a-half table. Sometimes I won, and then again I'd lose on until nigh before midnight, and then I had better luck, and I know'd Mary was setting up and praying; I felt like it, and it made me cool. I set my hat down by my side on the floor, and every time I'd win I'd drop the money in the hat. We played on, and I didn't know anything about how much I'd won. I didn't keep any count, but I know'd I was winning. I thought may be I'd won a hundred dollars, or may be two hundred, but I didn't know. I set there until day broke, and then we went home. I took my hat up in both hands and mashed it on my head, and went home so without taking it off. When I got to my room there sat Mary in her gown, and the bed wasn't mashed. She'd set up all night waiting for me. She seemed tired and anxious, and though she looked mighty hard at me, she didn't say a word. I walked right up to her, and pulling off my hat with both hands I emptied it all right in the lap of her gown. And then we set down and counted it."

"How much was there, Gen'l?"

"Just fifteen hundred dollars even."

"And that," added the General as he walked off, "gin me a start."

WHY BEES WORK IN THE DARK.—A lifetime might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a bee-hive, and half the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, whilst the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it.—Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance; it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid lump of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodine of silver on the excited collodion plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form,—This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, while others have been exposed to the light. The invariable results have been that the sunel portion rapidly crystallized, while that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends upon the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them; and if light were allowed access to the syrup, it would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

MELONCOLIC.

Three melons went sailing out in the West,
Nutmeg, water and musk—
Three little boys at evening dusk,
While nature brooded in damp suspense,
Climbed over a ten-rail eight-foot fence
And stowed a melon beneath each vest.

Three little colics appeared that night
And tackled the cherubs three—
O the groan, the pain, the misery,
The cramp, the gripe and the inward hurt,
The fate that the doctors couldn't avert—
Three undertakers at morning's light.

Yet melons go sailing everywhere
And women are born to weep,
And boys will forage while farmers sleep,
And colics will come where melons go,
And so will doctors and every woe
That points the way to the golden stair.

—*St. Louis Times.*

WONDERFUL—IF TRUE.

Apropos of the recent discussion of the validity of the evidence of the senses, which, started by the *Revue Scientifique*, has been carried on in French, German and English journals, though as yet Americans seem hardly to have more than touched upon it, a dealer in the marvelous relates the following remarkable story with as much earnestness and show of candor as if he expected everybody to believe it. He says:

I have a few things to say and an instance in point to produce which I am sure will not be without interest to the public in general as well as to people who are fond of considering such matters.

Mr. Julius Saxe—the real name of the gentleman who first observed these strange things I am not at liberty to give, but that name will be as good as any—is an artist having his studio in one of the large studio buildings in this city. On the evening of the tenth of January last he was lying on a lounge in his studio reading, when suddenly he heard a rustling behind an easel which stood in one corner of the room and presently the picture that was on it fell to the floor. Mr. Saxe was surprised and went to the corner to see what was the matter, but nothing was visible there beyond what he had expected. He replaced the picture and returned to his reading, when again he was disturbed and thought that he heard footsteps in the same corner of the room as of some one shuffling along the carpeted floor, and presently there was a sound as if a heavy body had stumbled against the tall Dutch clock which stood there against the wall. By this time, although he is by no means superstitious, he was thoroughly interested and excited, and as nothing unusual was to be found in the room while the strange noise continued, he stepped out into the neighboring studio and asked a well known marine painter—the occupant of the room—to come into the studio, as most unaccountable things were happening there. Mr. S. readily accompanied Mr. Saxe, but nothing out of the ordinary occurred, and after conversing for an hour or two Mr. S. returned to his room and Mr. Saxe went to bed. A light sleeper, and at about two o'clock he was aroused by a sound as if somebody were tossing in sleep upon a Turkish rug which lay before but at some distance from his grate fire. The fire was bright, but he could see nothing, and still the noise continued. He rose, turned up the gas and stepped across to the fire place, but in attempting to cross the rug, he stumbled against something and fell, yet nothing could be seen which could have caused the mishap, while in falling he distinctly felt a body beneath him which moved. He was now thoroughly frightened and ran hastily to Mr. S.'s studio, at the door of which he pounded until its inmate awoke and accompanied Mr. Saxe to his room again. The studio was well enough lighted to enable them to see everything within it, but there was no trace of a burglar having been there, and certainly no living thing except the two artists seemed to be in the room. Then a noise was heard under the bed, and in moving this Mr. S.'s foot struck against something. Stooping at once he made a grasp in the place where the body should have been, and to his amazement, and certainly to his horror—for all things considered he situation was fearful enough—he seized what seemed a small and delicate ankle. The being, whatever it was, strove to tear itself from his grasp, and a low moaning sound was heard. Mr. S. is a man of strong nerve, and did not relinquish his hold upon the ankle, and presently Mr. Saxe came to his assistance, and a body wholly invisible, yet plainly possessed of weight, was dragged from under the bed, moaning and whimpering all the while. Its strength was not beyond that of a child of seven or eight years, but it struggled violently, and not until its arms were pinioned to its sides did it cease in its endeavors to escape. The surface of its body was of a velvet softness, and had the room been dark the gentlemen would undoubtedly have believed that they were engaged with a little naked child, but since the room was bright with light they were wholly at a loss to account for the strange facts, for they seemed to have mastered a child of solid air. As they struggled with it the walls and floor could be seen between their hands, which as evidently clutched a palpable thing. After a time the struggle ceased, and the child, if such it is to be called, was placed upon the bed, both gentlemen keeping their hands upon it. It breathed and sobbed, but thenceforth was perfectly passive. In passing his hands along its body, Mr. Saxe found at the shoulders two organs like wings, which could easily be moved, and one of which seemed to have been broken. Fifty was now mingled with wonder in the hearts of the two men who held this child of air within their power, and they tried to soothe it as if it had been a human infant, but it lay simply still and palpitating under their hands. They drew the bed clothes over it and placed its head on a pillow, where the imprint of its form could be seen and its limbs could be felt precisely as a mother watching in the dark beside her boy's bed would feel them. The two men watched there all night, and in the morning it was agreed that the facts should be kept wholly quiet, at least until it should have been decided what was the best course to pursue in so strange a matter. The child had apparently slept soundly after its struggles, and in the morning it stirred in giving a sound of joy, rose in the bed, and as Mr. Saxe took light hold of its hand it attempted to fly upward, but in a second fell back with a moan and its hand could be felt clasping the broken wing.

The men were wholly at a loss as to what they should do. Wine and water were placed at the child's mouth, but with its hands it brushed them away. At last the two decided to admit Dr. L., to their confidence and summon him to this strange bedside. He was brought to the room without being told the circumstances of the case, and when he had learned them orally and felt the motions of the child he was even more bewildered than the two artists. He had to believe either that they were practicing upon him, that here was a wholly unaccountable phenomenon, or that he and the other two men were insane. He utterly refused to deal professionally with the case, since he had no proofs whatever to proceed upon, not knowing the constitution of this unheard of being and the sources of its evident life. However, he suggested certain experiments with it, which was carried out. Placed on a pair of scales, the child was found to weigh twenty-five pounds and seven ounces. It was attempted to clothe it, but the clothing caused it such evident suffering that the experiment was relinquished. A plaster cast of one of its arms was made which showed the most beautiful and perfect proportions, the hand especially being finely moulded, dimpled and pretty. It was amusing, considering the fact, how the child could have struggled as it did when it was first captured. The temperature of the body, as shown by a thermometer placed in the axilla, was sixty-four degrees Fahrenheit, and its breath deposited moisture on a mirror placed over the mouth. Aside from inarticulate cries, it emitted no sound, and even after it had been kept and kindly treated for over a month it showed no trace of human affection, although it would sometimes place its hand on Mr. Saxe's knee as he sat painting at his easal. Of course such a remarkable occurrence as the appearance of the child could not be kept entirely secret, and Mr. Saxe's room was visited daily by numbers of people, only a few of whom, however, were admitted and allowed to examine the subject—in all, I should say, not over fifty. At first Mr. Saxe had been unwilling to sleep in the same room with the child, but as it gave no evidence of spite or malice, as such a thing might, perhaps, have been expected to show by people who believe in demons, his fear gradually wore away and the child slept quietly all night on the rug, while Mr. Saxe occupied the bed. Among the sensations caused by this strange being was one with which some of us were at first disposed to agree, and which was to the effect that the child's body consisted of some substance like flexible crystal or nonrigid glass—that is to say, some substance in which physiological functions could be carried on, but which was transparent to light in a higher degree than any substance known to the books. It follows from this that, since light is deflected in passing from a medium of one density to a medium of another, and as the body of the child was rounded symmetrically, an object seen through it would appear distorted unless the body were of the same density as the air. There was no such distortion, nor when the hand was surrounded on the palm side with an atmosphere of pure hydrogen was there any, and as of course the body could not be precisely as dense a medium as the air and at the same time precisely as hydrogen, the theory proved untenable, and there was none better to substitute for it. During all this time (about five months) when the child was in the possession of Mr. Saxe it ate and drank absolutely nothing, although so far as we could tell it seemed to be in good health up to within two weeks ago, when one day it showed signs of pain in its lay on the bed, and in the evening it moaned most piteously. Near midnight of the same day, while its bed was surrounded by a number of men and women, it suddenly gasped convulsively, and even while my hand was upon its head it utterly fell away. The beholders were stupefied, and under our hands there was absolutely nothing to mark that ever the child had been there. It had died—perhaps into another world.

In this case the evidence of the senses of hearing and feeling—and of sight, indirectly, as shown in the turning of the scales when the child was weighed—showed that it had an objective existence, capable of recognition by many same men. Yet had it such an existence? If it had not, how are the facts to be accounted for?

CHARMED BY A SNAKE.

How an Ohio girl was for weeks held in the power of a blacksnake or racer is told by a Mt. Vernon correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, as follows:

A very rare psychological phenomenon was related to us by Mr. Campbell about a snake's influence over a young lady living east of Mt. Vernon by the name of Bertha Miller. For some weeks the parents had noticed that their daughter was showing marks of declining health, evidenced by an increasing paleness and emaciation and accompanied by a melancholy mood. So marked was the change becoming that they began feeling great solicitude concerning her, and consulted a physician about the matter. The physician visited the girl, but was unable to explain the cause of her decline or render her any aid. It also fell under the observation of her mother that each afternoon, about three o'clock, the girl would leave the house and remain away from one to two hours. This fact being communicated to the other parent, it was decided to watch the young lady and discover, if possible, the reason for such habitual absence. Accordingly, on the day following, when the usual hour had arrived, the father of the house and a watchful for the going of his daughter. In a few minutes the girl was on her way through a woodland up a ravine leading from the house to a small stone quarry, some half-mile distant, reaching which she took a seat on a flat stone, under a small clump of trees, and remained sitting silently for n

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - AUG. 29, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
DAN'L O. BARR, Allegheny County.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SHERIFF:
MICHAEL J. NAGLE, of Carroll Twp.
FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
JOHN ROBABAUGH, of Croyle Twp.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER:
JOHN J. HORNICK, of Richland Twp.
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
HENRY SCANLAN, of Carrolltown.

THE *Democratic Chronicle*, of Shippensburg, has passed into the hands of Alfred Sanderson as editor, and A. J. Sanderson as publisher. One of them at least, if not both, has had considerable experience as a newspaper editor, and being the sons of that veteran Democrat, the late George Sanderson, of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, it may safely be assumed that under their management the *Chronicle* will be a firm and trusted advocate of true Democratic principles, as well as a live newspaper in every sense of the word.

THE Philadelphia *Times*, although it has devoted a great deal of time and space in its columns to the undertaking, has failed to convince the men who run the Republican party in that city that it would be a very proper thing in them to nominate that chronic office-seeker, John F. Hartranft, for Sheriff. Just why the *Times* was so completely captivated with the notion of transferring Hartranft from the Post-office to the Sheriff's office is something not easily to be understood outside of that city, and especially so as the experience of its editor ought to have convinced him that the Republican leaders would never, or at least hardly ever, consent to see so valuable a prize carried off by a man, recently imported from Montgomery county. The *Times* of Tuesday admits that at last the leaders of the conflicting rings have definitely arranged the Republican nominations, and that John L. Hill will be the candidate for Sheriff. If the two discordant and belligerant factions into which the Democracy of that county are divided possessed a single grain of political wisdom, here is their opportunity to retain possession of the Sheriff's office and its vast patronage, but as they prefer division in their ranks to harmonious and united action, the result can be easily foreseen.

IT is a satisfaction to know that the Court of Quarter Sessions of Dauphin county, which convened on Monday last, is presided over by one of the oldest, ablest and most experienced judges in the State, Hon. John J. Pearson. A great portion of his charge to the Grand Jury was devoted to a definition, or explanation, of what constituted corrupt solicitation of a member of the Legislature, having reference of course to the indictments against Kemble and others. It is very evident from his elaborate instructions to the Grand Jury, that Judge Pearson expects at the hands of the jury the most thorough investigation of the charges against the different defendants. "We want to find out everything about it," he says to the jury; "we want to get at the truth of the matter and to get to the bottom of it, and to see who is guilty and who is not guilty, or whether any person is guilty, or whether it is merely a general slander." The judge also instructed the jury that if it should come out during their investigations "that any member of the Legislature did accept, or agree to accept, any gift of money, or valuable thing, office, or anything of the kind," to make a presentment of it to the Court. This is intended to cover the cases of Petroff, Rumbarger and other members, against whom the House strangely neglected to instruct the committee of eleven to proceed by criminal proceedings in the Courts, even though it refused to expel them. The indictments would be laid before the Grand Jury to-day, (Wednesday), but, as we stated last week, the probabilities are that a continuance will be asked for by the defendants until the next term, and that it will be granted by the Court.

IN a recent speech in the British Parliament, John Bright, the well known English reformer, stated some astounding facts connected with the tenure of land in the United Kingdom. In England and Wales one hundred persons own more than 4,000,000 acres, and 710 persons own more than *one-fourth* of all the soil south of the Tweed. In Scotland it is worse, *twice* persons there owning 4,346,000 acres, or nearly *one-quarter* of the whole country. The one-half of that country (9,400,000 acres) is in the possession of *seventy* land owners. In Ireland, which has a much larger population than Scotland, *two-thirds* of the entire country is in the hands of 1,942 persons. It is this monopoly of the land in Ireland by a few individuals that has caused the present feeling of deep discontent among the tenant farmers in that country, and which threatens the most serious consequences. How different it is in the United States under the operation of our homestead laws. According to the last report of the Commissioner of the Land Office, 6,000,000 acres—an area greater than New Jersey—were taken up and actually occupied during the year ending the 30th of June last. The books of the office show that each settler took up an average of 120 acres, which establishes the fact that during the year just closed 50,000 families, or at least 150,000 persons, have found homes on the public lands. Since the homestead law went into effect, sixteen years ago, 384,848 entries have been made, embracing 40,181,760 acres, or more than the size of the six New England States. Most of the entries during the past as well as previous years were made in Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, and the territory of Dakota. "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and the imagination can scarcely conceive the teeming millions who will people the almost boundless expanse west of the Mississippi at the close of the present century.

THE influence which Dennis Kearney exercises over his followers in San Francisco was very plainly illustrated by what took place on the "sand lot" in that city on last Saturday. Rev. Isaac S. Kalloch is the Workingmen's candidate for Mayor of the city. About twenty-two years ago he had charge of a church in Boston—was accused of adultery—indicted, and escaped conviction, just as Beecher did from a failure of the jury to agree upon a verdict. He then went to Kansas, and afterwards to California. The San Francisco *Chronicle*, edited by two brothers named De Young, has latterly been exceedingly bitter in its opposition to Kalloch, reproducing the story of his Boston immorality, as well as other unsavory matters imputed to him, and slandering his father and mother. An immense meeting of Kalloch's supporters was held on last Friday night, at which he defended himself against these attacks, and, "carrying the war into Africa," pronounced the two De Youngs to be "the bastard progeny of a strumpet." On Saturday morning Charles De Young armed himself with a revolver, procured a carriage, drove to the private entrance of the Metropolitan Temple, where Kalloch was, sent a boy to tell him a lady wished to see him in her carriage, which was basely false, and when Kalloch walked up to the vehicle De Young shot him twice, one ball entering his breast. A number of Kalloch's political friends, who were in the vicinity at the time, rushed for the carriage, and upturning it, handled De Young very roughly until the police rescued him and took him to the station, where he was locked up in a cell. The news of the shooting spread through the city, producing the most intense excitement, and an angry crowd soon surrounded the prison, threatening vengeance against De Young. A meeting on the "sand lot" was called, and a demand made by the crowd to go down town, take De Young out of prison and hang him, but a dispatch came from Kearney, who was at a meeting at Vallejo, twenty-four miles distant, saying that he would arrive in the city at 8 o'clock, P. M., whereupon the meeting decided not to hang De Young until Dennis could be heard. He came, mounted the platform and looked down upon 20,000 surging, excited men, shouting and yelling for De Young's life. The crowd needed but a word from him to have sent them off wildly to the prison, but Kearney reminded them that in ten days the election would put their party in power in the city, and then De Young would be attended to—that any attempt at violence would be met by the revolvers of the police, and the rifles and Gatling guns of the military, and that he wanted them to keep quiet and go to their homes. They took his advice, and for once in his life Dennis Kearney's influence over his followers has shown to advantage, and riot and bloodshed have been prevented. At last accounts Kalloch was recovering. De Young's cowardly attack, it is almost needless to say, cannot but be of immense advantage to the Kearney ticket at the election on Wednesday next.

WHAT Grant refused to say to Harry White about a third term, in his letter to that amateur statesman a short time before the meeting of the Republican National Convention at Cincinnati in 1876, he (Grant) is represented now by some newspaper editors to have said to the Viceroy of Tientsin, China, in a conversation which recently took place between them. It will be remembered that the letter to White was beautifully non-committal on the subject of a third term—that it was a puzzle to the country closely akin to the ways of the thimble-rigger when he says to his dupes, "You pays your money and you takes your choice." In the interview at Tientsin, the Viceroy referred to the time when Grant would again be President of the United States, to which the latter replied: "Your Excellency is very kind, but there could be no wish more distasteful to me than what you express. I have held the office of President as long as it has ever been held by any man. I have no claims to the office. I have had my share of it, and have had all the honors that can be or should be given to any citizen." Now if any man can extract out of all this a declaration against a third term, the same man could have drawn the same conclusion from Grant's letter to White, and it is not pretended that any one ever put upon that production a construction so lame and impotent. The Viceroy himself was not deceived by Grant's disclaimer of any additional honor from the people of this country, because it is stated that from the rest of the conversation "he was not convinced that Grant would not again accept the office." Grant has never said, either in this country or in any of the countries he has been visiting, what it would have been very easy for him to say, that under no circumstances would he accept another term as chief magistrate of the American people. He will never say so, and about the time he returns to this country there will be published at Washington the first number of a journal projected and owned by capitalists in New York and Philadelphia, and to be issued for the express purpose of advocating his nomination for a third term. How the almond eyes of the Viceroy of Tientsin would sparkle, and what a bland and childlike smile would suffuse his face, if the guerilla Mosby, consul to Hong Kong, with a copy of the third term organ in his hand, should explain to him through an interpreter the purpose for which it has been established.

THE yellow fever has been on the increase in Memphis during the week ending on Wednesday last, the deaths averaging seven per day, as against four previous to that time. One genuine case resulting in death on Monday occurred in New Orleons, the victim being the wife of the well known confederate General, John B. Hood.

THE Democratic State Committee has been called by its chairman, George W. Miller, Esq., to meet at Bolton's Hotel, Harrisburg, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Wednesday, Sept. 10th. A full attendance is requested.

ONE of the most honored names in this country is that of Horatio Seymour, ex-Governor of New York, who is passing the evening of a life well spent in peaceful retirement on his farm near Utica, in that State. Until in a recent letter he expressed his unalterable determination never again, on account of the delicate state of his health, to become a candidate for public office, his name was frequently mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, which, other things being equal, he would be so admirably qualified to fill. Standing as he does to-day the most popular man in New York, repeated efforts have been made by the leaders of the two factions into which the Democratic party in that State is unfortunately divided, to prevail upon him to accept the nomination for Governor, and by his election in November heal the differences that now exist in the ranks of his party, and thus place the result of the Presidential contest in that State next year beyond a reasonable doubt. But a stern refusal on his part has been the invariable reply. Our purpose, however, in now referring to him is to vindicate, through Edwin M. Stanton, his patriotic services to his country in the dark days of 1863, when he was Governor of New York. Even at this late day it is a common thing to see Horatio Seymour referred to by Republican editors, whose ignorance is only equalled by their malice, as a "copperhead" during the war—opposed to the Union—and whose heart was with the South; and all this in the face of *facts* well known to every man who is at all familiar with the history of the war.

What Gov. Seymour did to strengthen the government in 1863, just before the battle of Gettysburg in July of that year, and which was the turning point in the war, is briefly but conclusively set forth in the following letter to him from Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of War:

[*Confidential.*]

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, June 27, 1863.

DEAR SIR: I cannot forbear expressing to you the deep obligation I feel for the prompt and cordial support you have given to the Government in the present emergency. The energy, activity and patriotism you have exhibited I may be permitted personally and officially to acknowledge without arrogating any personal claim on my part in such service, or to any service whatever.

I shall be happy to be always esteemed your friend. EDWIN M. STANTON.

His Excellency HORATIO SEYMOUR.

When this letter was written the rebels under Lee were swarming down the Cumberland valley towards Harrisburg, where consternation and dismay reigned supreme. In three days afterwards the battle of Gettysburg began, and after it was over and when Governor Curtin hadn't a single soldier to send to the upper Potomac in pursuit of Lee's retreating army, regiment after regiment of hastily-enlisted troops could be seen passing through Harrisburg and on up the valley railroad to Chambersburg and Hagerstown. These regiments were the swift evidences of the "energy, activity and patriotism" of two Democratic "copperhead" Governors—Horatio Seymour, of New York, and Joel Parker, of New Jersey.

HOW TO DO IT.—They know how to do things over in Cumberland county in a political way, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*. The Chairman of the Democratic Committee of that county, Mr. M. Guswiler, of Mechanicsburg, cannot be excelled as an organizer and political worker. He has just issued a circular which is given below and which is commended to Democratic Committees everywhere as a model document of its kind:

HEADQUARTERS DEMOCRATIC STANDING COMMITTEE, MECHANICSBURG, August 18, 1879.—*Dear Sir:* It is of the utmost importance that the workers of the Democratic party be vigilant and active in this campaign. It's the skirmish line of the great battle of 1880, and no point should be left unwatched. The secret of successful work is in knowing what to do, and how to do it. The object of all political effort is to get the greatest possible number of voters to the polls. To do this we must see that all the Democrats and those who will vote for the Democratic ticket are qualified to vote. To be qualified all must be registered on or before September 3; all must have paid a State and county tax before October 3. Particularly we must see that those who have reached the age of twenty-two since the last election have a tax assessed to them and paid. This is frequently overlooked. Having seen that all are qualified to vote, we must next remember that November 4 is election day, and that all true Democrats who love their country and their party should turn out and vote. This is an off year, and our antagonists will count on our apathy and indifference to allow them to win. This must not be. No vantage ground must be surrendered to the enemy. A Republican in the Sheriff's office would be hundreds of votes for a Republican President in 1880, besides incalculable injury to the local interests of the party. Let the assessment and poll books be made out with care. Let windowmen be selected who will watch the polls on election day and see that no illegal votes are polled against us. Let documents and speeches and newspapers be liberally distributed, so that the great issues of the day may be plainly put before the people. Let haulers be employed who will bring to the polls the invalids and all others who would otherwise be unable to get there. Let everything be done to shovel that the great fraud of 1876 must be wiped out, and that no military dictator, with his army and subsidized satellites at the polls shall control the ballots of freemen. Let every man know that this is a fight between Democratic liberty and insidious imperialism. Very respectfully, etc.,

M. GUSWILER, Chairman.

UNCLE JAKE'S OBSERVATIONS.—Speaking of Daniel O. Barr, Esq., the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer, Zeigler's Butler *Herald* of last week says:

We have given more than ordinary attention to our exchanges to see what the feelings was in regard to Mr. D. O. Barr, our candidate for State Treasurer. In doing so, we were gratified to find the Democracy united in his support, and also that a number of independent journals have expressed a preference for him. That he is a gentleman of unexceptional private worth and splendid business qualifications is admitted even by his political opponents. He belongs to no "rings" or "combinations," and being of undoubted integrity, he would bring to the discharge of public duty an honesty of purpose that would be a sure guarantee that the interests of the people would be zealously cared for. Our readers know that we were strongly in favor of Mr. Hemphill's nomination for Governor, but having assured us no better selection could be made, should he be elected, and we earnestly hope he may be, he will enter upon the duties of the office untrammeled by the dictation of party politicians, and unawed by their frowns. This is as it should be. The dignity which pertains to public position consists in a faithful discharge of duty, and not in the personal interest it brings to the incumbent. In the purer days of the republic men went into office poor and came out the same. In later days they go in poor and come out rich. The nomination of Mr. Barr is a move in the right direction. By it we are assured the public interests are once more to be regarded as paramount to all other considerations. Let the people act accordingly.

A BLOODY DUEL.—A Kansas City dispatch gives the following particulars of a fatal duel in Kansas on Friday evening last:

About dusk Friday night a terrible tragedy was enacted in Wyandotte county, Kansas, ten miles from Kansas city, resulting in the death of Tom Dobbins and Michael Burns, old farmers and residents of the county. There had been a feud of ten years' standing between the families, and on the day Dobbins and Burns met on the premises of the latter and after passing a few words began shooting at each other. It was a deadly duel with the wives and families of both the spectators. Dobbins opened fire by sending two balls into the side of the house, when Burns pulled his revolver and the men advanced to within a few feet of each other before any more shooting took place. Dobbins then fired, hitting Burns in the arm, and in return received two bullets in the chest. Neither man fell, and Dobbins shot Burns through the abdomen, when the latter fell, but raising himself shot once more, the load entering Dobbins' head behind the ear. The men then clinched and in a death grapple beat each other with clubbed revolvers. The wife of Dobbins tried to assist her husband, but he died while struggling with Burns, who also died about daylight this morning.

The section of the country where the affray took place is historical, being near the old post road followed by Quantrell's raiders after the sacking of Lawrence during the early years of the war, and has been the scene of many bloody encounters.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—One McCloskey fatally stabbed John Dabarr, at Phœnix, Arizona. He was subsequently lynched.

—A son of General George W. Cass died recently in the south of France, where his parents are now residing.

—A gentleman named Wycoff arrived at Gettysburg the other day on horseback, having ridden the entire distance from New Orleans.

—Colonel Robert Ingersoll denies that he is going to Ohio to speak for Ewing. So much the better for Ewing, remarks the Philadelphia *Record*.

—The farmers of Jefferson county are very much annoyed by the depredations of bee birds. They have depleted some very fine hives about Brookville.

—Here it is again: Alice Vail, a young girl in Sayre, Bradford county, attempted to light a fire with coal oil, Thursday afternoon, and was burned to death.

—Sunbury papers deny reports that have been published that the Molly Maguires confined in jail there awaiting death have made a confession or threatened to make any.

—Mr. David Fox, of Green Lane, Montgomery county, who lost three children several weeks ago with diphtheria, buried two more from the same cause last Thursday.

—Owing to his poverty, Mr. George W. Jones, at one time United States Senator from Iowa, has been forced to seek the nomination for Sheriff of Dubuque county, that State.

—Eben Waterbury, aged 72, fell in love with a young woman at Ellsworth, Ill., and gained her consent to marry; but his stern son interposed, and the old man committed suicide.

—Boyton won the swimming match with Webb, at Newport, R. I., on Friday. In the afternoon Webb for the second time became exhausted and had to be taken out of the water.

—A needle, with a long thread attached, was picked out of a boy's back, in Lancaster, on Saturday. It is supposed to have entered some portion of his body when he was an infant.

—In Rockland township, Berks county, there are five families in which the progeny thus far shows a grand total of eighty-five. None of the heads of these families are much beyond the meridian of life.

—The Abbe Liszt has been nominated an honorary canon of the Cathedral of Albano by the Cardinal Archbishop Hohenlohe, who is a musical amateur, and the nomination has been confirmed by the Pope.

—Two children, aged four and two years, gathered toadstools on the farm of their father, Mr. William Logan, residing near Allegheny City, which they ate, and died five hours afterward in great agony.

—The Raber murderers at Lebanon are quarreling among themselves. One of them asserts that Wise, who has confessed, offered him $500 if he would put Raber out of the way. Wise modestly denies the statement.

—A Canadian, six feet seven inches in height, weighing two hundred and eighty pounds, and measuring fifty-two inches around the chest, is visiting his brother in Hydetown and exciting the admiration of all beholders.

—Mary Perry, aged 74, of Springport, Cayuga county, N. Y., sat at tea with some friends on Sunday last. They were relating funny incidents, and Mrs. Perry, becoming convulsed with laughter, suddenly fell back in her chair, dead.

—Edward Sullivan, machinist, residing in the Thirty-second Ward, Pittsburgh, has become insane through worrying over inventions upon which he had obtained patents, and on Saturday was taken to the Dixmont Lunatic Asylum.

—Mr. Henry Reece, of Buffalo Run, Centre county, in attempting to jump from a stack of grain on to a board beneath, made a misstep and fell upon a separator in rapid motion. One of his feet was terribly mangled and [illegible] torn off.

—The West Chester *R*[illegible] this: "A plum tree on th[illegible] John J. Parker, in West C[illegible] ship, is joined at the roo[illegible] tree, which is making g[illegible] and does not interfere w[illegible] tree's growth."

—An old letter contai[illegible]lar bill on the bank of [illegible] English shilling and a c[illegible] recently discovered an[illegible] documents in the Colun[illegible] thonotary's office. It h[illegible] twenty-three years.

—There are fifty-e gl[illegible] the second bituminous [illegible] sylvania—forty-one sh[illegible] and fifteen slants. [illegible] mines are located in M[illegible] the coal averages f[illegible] inches to four feet in

—The engine of th[illegible]nstown express train, eastward bound, on Friday, while passing the station at Haverford College, Delaware county, struck and killed Mrs. M'Kee, wife of Robert M'Kee, as she attempted to pass the platform near the track before the train.

—At Middletown, Pa., on Thursday night, an attempt was made to rob Jacob Steel, Collector of the Pennsylvania Canal Company. After striking him several blows on the head with a blunt instrument, the thieves became alarmed and left without accomplishing their object.

—Among the people who have recently reached Kansas is an entire Baptist church of three hundred members, led by the pastor and deacons. With their families, the party numbered six hundred souls. They were from Delta, La., and reached their destination in a state of great impoverishment.

—Lizzie Bompf, of Louisville, married Joseph Drago when she was only 15 years old, and within three months obtained a divorce. At 16 she was united to him again by a second ceremony, and this time six months elapsed before a separation. She is now nearly 17, and Drago is wooing her anew.

—J. M'Henry, who recently failed in London for £1,000,000, lived in Harmony, Butler county from 1819 to 1824. If he had remained there until now, the Harrisburg *Patriot* thinks Uncle Jake might have endorsed his paper and prevented the failure about which so much is said in the newspapers.

—Miss Antrobus, a young English lady who became a Catholic some four or five weeks ago, is the sister of Mr. Antrobus, who was for several years attached to the English Legation in Washington, and who, though handsome, talented and the possessor of large means, gave up everything to become a poor priest.

—On Thursday night Fred. Keester, in Iroquois county, Ill., shot his wife with a shot gun, the charge carrying away her lower jaw. He then completed the murder with an axe, with which he gashed her head and body in a horrible manner as she attempted to escape. Keester escaped. No cause for the tragedy is known.

—William Fry, journeyman baker, killed Jacob Jauch, at the bakery of the latter, on Buckeye street, Cincinnati, Monday morning, by repeated blows upon the head with a hatchet. The cause of the assault was the reservation of three dollars from Fry's wages to pay a debt the latter had incurred at a neighboring grocery.

—A Paris dispatch to the London *Standard* says some French Catholics and Royalists, who are frightened by the Ferry bill, have determined to emigrate to the Island of Papua, where they will found a Catholic colony, under direction of the Marquis De Royes. This is the expedition heretofore reported as about to sail from Flushing under the American flag.

—Henry J. Rogers, the agent in the erection of the first telegraph line in the world—that between Baltimore and Washington—died on Wednesday in Baltimore, aged 69 years. He was subsequently Superintendent of the North American Telegraph Company, and was the author of the code of marine signals now used in all ports of the United States.

—A peculiar feature about a stream of water flowing past Allentown is noted. It is a fact that although in the country north of Allentown as much rain has fallen in the past few days as at this point, the Jordan is still dry. The Jordan apparently has a subterranean bottom, at places, and until this is filled the water does not run in the bed of the creek.

—George Herman, a farmer, living near Orwigsburg, Schuylkill county, was set upon on Thursday, by an ox that had become mad from the bite of a dog. He was struck in the face by one of the hoofs of the animal and badly cut. His clothes were badly torn, and he was severely bruised before he could finally escape, when he returned and shot the infuriated beast.

—The Lutheran Church thirty years ago had only a scattered people in this country west of Ohio. Now it numbers in the same region 27 synods, 1,702 ministers, 3,001 churches and 367,180 communicants. In the entire country less than a century ago there were only 24 Lutheran ministers. The present number is 3,150, with 5,600 congregations and 625,000 communicants.

—Two young people were married at Ocean Grove on Sunday evening, and went to a tent, just put up for them on Broadway, for the night. Hardly had they dismissed their friends when the storm came down like the wolf on the fold and carried the bridal chamber across Fletcher Lake. Drenched and nearly drowned they knocked at the door of a cottager and were taken in.

—On Thursday last, while ex-Governor Sprague was walking on the beach near Narragansett Pier, R. I., his attention was turned to a sail-boat containing two men which ran too near inshore and got caught in the breakers, finally overturning. One man was caught in the ropes and was under the boat. Mr. Sprague, jumping into the water, succeeded in righting the boat and rescuing the man from drowning.

—A recent estimate gives to the Catholic Church about one-seventh of the population of the earth; to Protestantism between a twelfth and a thirteenth, and to Christianity as a whole a little less than three-tenths. Another authority places the whole number of Catholics in the world at 216,356,000, of which number Europe has 153,444,000, America 54,400,000, Asia 9,167,000, Africa, 1,595,000, and Australia 650,000.

—A lady in White Hall, Burlington county, says the Indianapolis *Journal*, is the owner of a dog and a dove. Whenever she goes out walking the dove perches itself on the dog's head, and the latter trots off happy as a lark. The bird holds its position until the party return home, unless Towser is attacked by some of the bad dogs of the borough. Then it flies to a place of safety, returning to its favorite roost when the tussel between the dogs is over.

—Sixteen years ago a woman at Bridgewater, Conn., was accused by a neighbor of stealing his watch, and her house was searched. There was no evidence against her, nor was she able to get satisfactory proof of her innocence. She grieved constantly over the matter, and of late, as she grew old and decrepit, she feared that she would die without being able to clear herself of the disgrace. But the watch has now been turned up by a plough, in a field where the careless owner originally lost it.

—George Thompson was on his death bed in a hospital [illegible]xington, Ky. He sent for a [illegible]ive and confessed that [illegible] murderer from [illegible]he did not wish [illegible] his conscience. [illegible]d there being [illegible]clared that the [illegible]en a freak of [illegible]red nothing [illegible] never killed [illegible] time before [illegible] was found [illegible] who lives [illegible]ich., and [illegible]ge, has a [illegible]ix and a [illegible]t is six [illegible]r when [illegible] them [illegible] bands most [illegible]n brother, Edward, [illegible]ny years in raising a beard [illegible]ches long. Edwin attributes the wonderful growth to having clipped the fuz from his face when a child. He is a well-to-do farmer, and would not think of organizing himself into a show.

—The Brookville *Democrat* says that Hooten, the present chairman of the Republican State Committee, and who was a delegate to the convention that nominated Mr. Butler for State Treasurer, offered the resolution that was passed in that body, preventing the consideration of any resolution on the subject of bribery and corruption in the Legislature. Mr. Wolf, who attempted to get such a resolution before the convention and failed, has taken the matter to the courts. A little Hooten kept the subject out of the stalwart platform, but no amount of hooting will prevent its consideration by the courts.

—The Keysville (Va.) *Herald* says that some few days ago Dr. F. J. Gregory was called to see a little two-year-old boy who was suffering with a pain in his hip. The little fellow would cry out with pain whenever he made any sudden twist or turn of the body, and his parents could not imagine the cause. On examination, the doctor discovered signs to lead him to think that there was a needle or something in the flesh, and by pressing the place with his fingers the point of a needle made its appearance. Catching it with a pair of forceps, he pulled, and brought to light a whole darning needle, about two and a half inches in length.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.—The next election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of November.

Voters must be assessed two months preceding the election: that is, on or before Thursday, September 4th.

Voters must have paid a State or county tax one month preceding the election: that is, on or before Saturday, Oct. 4th.

Members of Democratic State, county and city committees should see to it that every voter of our party has complied with the law.

Failure to pay tax in season deprives the voter of the right of suffrage. An elector can swear in his vote, though he be not assessed, but the neglect may cause him much trouble.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.—"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article, made of valuable remedies known to all, that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."
Rev. ——, Washington, D. C.

—A bashful South Bend girl refused to jump from the window of a burning building in her night dress, went back to her room to put on more clothes, and was burned to death.

FACTS INCONTROVERTIBLE.—The people of Cambria county, or a goodly portion of them at least, will substantiate the fact—

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $3.50 to $2.75, we are never out of them;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $4.00 to $3.00, we always have them on hand;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $5.50 to $4.00, they are always in stock;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $6.75 to $5.75, we can always find them for customers;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $8.50 to $6.75, we don't tell people we have just sold the last suit;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $12.25 to $10.50, we can always furnish a perfect fit.

Remember that the goods quoted above are lined throughout, and are saleable, desirable and serviceable clothing.

Pants we can sell in jeans from 50c. up; in cotton worsted from 90c. up; in cassimeres from $2.75 up. In gents' furnishing goods we can sell white laundried shirts from 40c. up; calico shirts from 20c. up; undershirts and drawers from 25c. up; suspenders from 6c. up; half hose from 4c. up; hats from 25c. up; caps from 5c. up. The largest stock of trunks and valises in Altoona.

Remember we are slaughtering summer clothing, straw hats, etc., in order to close out all kind of summer wear at the New Clothing Depot, 1230 Eleventh avenue, which is known far and near as the cheapest house in the trade, and the best place in the country to buy good clothing, hats, caps and furnishing goods at honest prices.

CHARLES SIMON,
In Dr. Christy's Building, in rear of Logan House, Altoona, Pa.

CHIEF JUSTICE THOMPSON AS A TRAMP.—A correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Critic*, writing from Mercer, Pa., gives the following interesting story as a contribution to history:

"Apropos of the tramp law, an incident connected with the life of a very great man was brought to your correspondent's attention by Hon. M. S. Garvin, ex-member of Congress from this district, and which is vouched for as being true in every particular. About the year 1839 a journeyman printer was tramping his way between Pittsburgh and Erie in search of work. He met with no success, and, footsore and weary, came to a town that boasted of a single newspaper. Upon inquiry he found that it needed no compositors, and, disheartened, was tramping on, when some of the employes persuaded their fellow craftsman to tarry over night. Taking him to Whistler's hotel, they passed a few jolly hours, and found in the tramp not only a man of ability but a musician of more than ordinary merit. With him he carried a German flute, upon which he delighted his comrades with selections from the best authors. At a late hour he retired, and, when morning came, with a different air he sought Mr. Whistler, the landlord, and explained the situation—i. e., that he was penniless and had hoped to obtain work, but had failed; that he did not wish to defraud him out of the amount due for lodging, and that if he would take his flute and keep it until redeemed he would regard it as an act of kindness not to be forgotten.

"'Why,' said Whistler, 'my dear sir, the music you made last night more than compensated me for the entertainment. Take your flute with you, and should you ever become able to pay, all right—if not, there is no harm done.'

"The next day found the 'tramp' in Erie, where he obtained work, and the first dollar earned was sent back to his new found friend, Whistler. That 'tramp' has since been known to the world as Chief Justice Thompson, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Under the provisions of the present 'tramp law' he might have been one of the victims who, in default of being able to prove that he was not a tramp, would have been incarcerated in jail at separate and solitary confinement at labor for and during the term of one year."

VON MOLTKE AS A SOLDIER.—This remarkable German chieftain is the greatest living soldier. He has a constitution of iron, nerves of steel, and a will like the grip of death. Silent, reticent, unassuming, retiring, yet ubiquitous, he controls his forces almost as directly as he moves the muscles of his own body. His army, to a man, almost worship him. Rheumatism is his only physical trouble, and he refers to it as an "annoyance." Many business men resemble him in his mental and physical qualities and in his infirmity. Pains in the limbs, back, head and side, stiff joints, nervousness and unrefreshing sleep are sure signs of coming affliction. Rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints, biliousness, chills and blood disorders should be cured before they become chronic. Sandaline is a certain remedy for all these ailments. It clears the blood, regulates all the functions of the body, and restores perfect health. It operates gently, and is pleasant to take. Sandaline Lotion cures rheumatism, soreness and all unhealthy discharges. Will do just as recommended, used as directed, or money refunded. Price $1. Ask your druggist.—Erie, Pa., Nov. 22, '78. Dr. Gounod, 5 West 14th St., N. Y.: I want to let you know that the Sandaline and the Lotion has altogether rid me of my rheumatism that I have had these seven years, and I can certify that they are first rate remedies. You can refer to me. J. E. Vedder.—Dr. Gounod's great medical work, full of interest, over 250 pages. Price $1. Send for it.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—Out in the Hoosier State lives a young woman who has well earned the title of "the sleeping beauty," inasmuch as she has been awake only twenty minutes a day for the past year. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says of her:

Some twenty-three miles distant from Knightstown, Ind., in a German settlement, there is a beautiful young woman, some twenty-one years of age, daughter of Casper Schmidt, who is to all appearance quite dead, having been in that state for nearly twelve months past. She awakens, however, once every twenty-four hours, precisely at ten o'clock at night, and will converse with the family and others for about twenty minutes, when she will again relapse into the comatose state and remain so until ten o'clock the following night, at which hour she is restored to the mimetic, throwing out her arms and folding her hands together and rising upon her shoulders until the spectators imagine that her bones are cracking. She remains in that fabulous state for the space of ten minutes, when she comes to a perfect possession of her faculties. A singular feature of the case is the young lady recollects well if any promises have been made her the previous night, and will be very fretful for a time if they are not fulfilled; but if the things are brought her she makes use of none of them, as she eats or drinks little or nothing at all. She could never be persuaded to attempt to eat any food but three times during thirty-two days, and then put the three together she did not eat any more than a child a year old would take. After conversing a few minutes this remarkable young lady will suddenly close their hands together, throw her arms into the same manner as when awakening, and will return into the same somnolent state as before until ten o'clock the following night.

A PETRIFIED BODY.—The remains of a woman buried about nineteen years ago at Albany, N. Y., were disinterred the other day and found to be of the consistency of chalk. The *Knickerbocker* says of the strange petrifaction:

Yesterday afternoon the body of Mrs. O'Neill, who died nineteen years ago of paralysis of the throat, was disinterred in the old St. John's burying ground, with the view of reinterring it in Calvary cemetery, at Babcock's Corners. The work of opening the grave was done under the direction of the dead woman's daughters, who employed Mr. E. Burleigh, the keeper of the old cemetery, to clear away the earth. When the coffin was reached, it was found to be very heavy, and required the united strength of three men to raise it. Upon opening it the sight presented itself. The body from the knees to the neck was as white as marble and of about the consistency of chalk, possibly a trifle harder. From the knees down the limbs had not petrified, leaving nothing but the dry bones. The head had also entirely decayed, leaving only the skull. The burial garments had almost entirely disappeared, leaving the body considerably exposed. There was a deal of excitement at the discovery, and Father Walsh of St. John's church was hastily summoned, and he sent for Professor Hall, of the Geological Institute, who thoroughly examined the body, scraping it with a knife to ascertain if it was really petrified. He reported that it was a case of petrifaction such as is rarely seen. He was of the opinion that in a few more years the body will be as solid and as hard as marble.

A WEDDING THAT CAUSED THREE MURDERS.—The Little Rock (Ark.) *Gazette* relates the following:

A few miles from Wilsburg, St. Francis county, Ark., lived a widow named Hammett. The woman was engaged in farming and, though she had two grown sons, was compelled to employ a young man to superintend farm labors. Mrs. Hammett was about 40 years of age. The laborer was a mere boy, but an attachment soon sprang up between the widow and the youth, which ended in a matrimonial proposal. The wedding day was fixed. The two sons, hearing of the matrimonial arrangements that had been made between their mother and the stripling, called upon her, and tried to dissuade her from marriage. The widow refused to accept her sons' counsel.—The sons made threats, but the widow affirmed that she loved the young man, and would marry him at all hazards. The sons went away, and at the appointed time the young man appeared, attired for the wedding. The minister came, and friends were assembled. "Thou art man and wife" had hardly been pronounced, when a flash at the window, followed by loud report, terrified the women and astonished the men. Another flash, another report, and the newly made husband sank to the floor. The widow's younger son was the murderer. He fled, but was captured. Next day the young husband died and shortly afterward the widow's younger son, in attempting to escape, was shot and killed; and report says that shortly afterward the elder brother went to his mother's house and beat her brains out with a club.

WANTED AGENTS FOR CITY AND STATE.—A limited number of first-class canvassers for the beautiful and superior work of travel, "Around the World with General Grant," by John Russell Young. Published by Subscription Book Department of the American News Co. Apply to Address MANAGER, Pittsburgh Branch, 55 Ninth street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—Mr. George W. Owens, of Birmingham, introduced a resolution in the late Huntingdon county Republican convention condemnatory of the license laws, but the resolution was tabled and George W. shelved.

Important Announcement.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
GRAND DEPOT,
Thirteenth Street, - - Philadelphia.

THE large increase of our business thus far this year makes it necessary to

ENLARGE OUR PREMISES.

We have been cramped and crowded all the season in some of our Departments, and no alternative is to make some important alterations and additions to give us the needed room.

The only time to do this is during August and September, the duffest periods of the year.

To allow the builders to get on rapidly with the work, some of our goods must be moved or sold. To save expense of removing certain stocks, to prevent loss and deprecia[illegible] during the alterations, we have concluded to offer many of our goods at or about cost.

The whole of our stock will be found to be marked very, very low.

THE GREAT ALTERATION SALE
COMMENCES IMMEDIATELY.

Our prices are always at the very lowest point, and at this time, when goods are a [illegible] in price, we should not press our stock to sale but to get the goods out of the way of [illegible]

EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS

And Improvements to be made to the Grand Depot.

It is unnecessary to say that the qualities of our goods are the best. We do not [illegible] lose reputation by selling poor or imperfect goods. The well-known rules of Exchange and Return Money observed by the Grand Depot fully protect our customers, and, besides, [illegible] up this great business, we are very careful to keep good faith with our patrons [illegible] ing on us.

We only add that it will be to the interest of the people in city or country to buy [illegible]

GREAT ALTERATION SALE.

Silks, Dress Goods, Trimmings, and everything in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear, [illegible] in large or small quantities, promptly forwarded by mail or express, and exactly as [illegible] but even then, if not as expected, cheerfully exchanged or the money refunded. Write a card, specifying what you desire, and samples, with full instructions for ordering, will be sent you, postage paid, without any obligation to purchase

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - AUG. 29, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
DAN'L O. BARR, Allegheny County.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SHERIFF:
MICHAEL J. NAGLE, of Carroll Twp.
FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
JOHN ROBABAUGH, of Croyle Twp.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER:
JOHN J. HORNICK, of Richland Twp.
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
HENRY SCANLAN, of Carrolltown.

THE *Democratic Chronicle*, of Shippensburg, has passed into the hands of Alfred Sanderson as editor, and A. J. Sanderson as publisher. One of them at least, if not both, has had considerable experience as a newspaper editor, and being the sons of that veteran Democrat, the late George Sanderson, of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, it may safely be assumed that under their management the *Chronicle* will be a firm and trusted advocate of true Democratic principles, as well as a live newspaper in every sense of the word.

THE Philadelphia *Times*, although it has devoted a great deal of time and space in its columns to the undertaking, has failed to convince the men who run the Republican party in that city that it would be a very proper thing in them to nominate that chronic office-seeker, John F. Hartranft, for Sheriff. Just why the *Times* was so completely captivated with the notion of transferring Hartranft from the Post-office to the Sheriff's office is something not easily to be understood outside of that city, and especially so as the experience of its editor ought to have convinced him that the Republican leaders would never, or at least hardly ever, consent to see so valuable a prize carried off by a man, recently imported from Montgomery county. The *Times* of Tuesday admits that at last the leaders of the conflicting rings have definitely arranged the Republican nominations, and that John L. Hill will be the candidate for Sheriff. If the two discordant and belligerant factions into which the Democracy of that county are divided possessed a single grain of political wisdom, here is their opportunity to retain possession of the Sheriff's office and its vast patronage, but as they prefer division in their ranks to harmonious and united action, the result can be easily foreseen.

IT is a satisfaction to know that the Court of Quarter Sessions of Dauphin county, which convened on Monday last, is presided over by one of the oldest, ablest and most experienced judges in the State, Hon. John J. Pearson. A great portion of his charge to the Grand Jury was devoted to a definition, or explanation, of what constituted corrupt solicitation of a member of the Legislature, having reference of course to the indictments against Kemble and others. It is very evident from his elaborate instructions to the Grand Jury, that Judge Pearson expects at the hands of the jury the most thorough investigation of the charges against the different defendants. "We want to find out everything about it," he says to the jury: "we want to get to the truth of the matter and to get to the bottom of it, and to see who is guilty and who is not guilty, or whether any person is guilty, or whether it is merely a general slander." The judge also instructed the jury that if it should come out during their investigations "that any member of the Legislature did accept, or agree to accept, any gift of money, or valuable thing, office, or anything of the kind," to make a presentment of it to the Court. This is intended to cover the cases of Petroff, Rumbarger and other members, against whom the House strangely neglected to instruct the committee of eleven to proceed by criminal proceedings in the Courts, even though it refused to expel them. The indictments would be laid before the Grand Jury to-day (Wednesday), but, as we stated last week, the probabilities are that a continuance will be asked for by the defendants until the next term, and that it will be granted by the Court.

IN a recent speech in the British Parliament, John Bright, the well known English reformer, stated some astounding facts connected with the tenure of land in the United Kingdom. In England and Wales one hundred persons own more than 4,000,000 acres, and 710 persons own more than *one-fourth* of all the soil south of the Tweed. In Scotland it is worse, *twelve* persons there owning 4,346,000 acres, or nearly *one-quarter* of the whole country. The one-half of that country (9,460,000 acres) is in the possession of *seventy* land owners. In Ireland, which has a much larger population than Scotland, *two-thirds* of the entire country is in the hands of 1,942 persons. It is this monopoly of the land in Ireland by a few individuals that has caused the present feeling of deep discontent among the tenant farmers in that country, and which threatens the most serious consequences. How different it is in the United States under the operation of our homestead laws. According to the last report of the Commissioner of the Land Office, 6,000,000 acres—an area greater than New Jersey—were taken up and actually occupied during the year ending the 30th of June last. The books of the office show that each settler took up an average of 120 acres, which establishes the fact that during the year just closed 50,000 families, or at least 150,000 persons, have found homes on the public lands. Since the homestead law went into effect, sixteen years ago, 384,848 entries have been made, embracing 40,181,760 acres, or more than the size of the six New England States. Most of the entries during the past as well as previous years were made in Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, and the territory of Dakota. "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and the imagination can scarcely conceive the teeming millions who will people the almost boundless expanse west of the Mississippi at the close of the present century.

THE influence which Dennis Kearney exercises over his followers in San Francisco was very plainly illustrated by what took place on the "sand lot" in that city on last Saturday. Rev. Isaac S. Kalloch is the Workingmen's candidate for Mayor of the city. About twenty-two years ago he had charge of a church in Boston—was accused of adultery—indicted, and escaped conviction, just as Beecher did from a failure of the jury to agree upon a verdict. He then went to Kansas, and afterwards to California. The San Francisco *Chronicle*, edited by two brothers named De Young, has latterly been exceedingly bitter in its opposition to Kalloch, reproducing the story of his Boston immorality, as well as other unsavory matters imputed to him, and slandering his father and mother. An immense meeting of Kalloch's supporters was held on last Friday night, at which he defended himself against these attacks, and, "carrying the war into Africa," pronounced the two De Youngs to be "the bastard progeny of a strumpet." On Saturday morning Charles De Young armed himself with a revolver, procured a carriage, drove to the private entrance of the Metropolitan Temple, where Kalloch was, sent a boy to tell him a lady wished to see him in her carriage, which was basely false, and when Kalloch walked up to the vehicle De Young shot him twice, one ball entering his breast. A number of Kalloch's political friends, who were in the vicinity at the time, rushed for the carriage, and upturning it, handled De Young very roughly until the police rescued him and took him to the station, where he was locked up in a cell. The news of the shooting spread through the city, producing the most intense excitement, and an angry crowd soon surrounded the prison, threatening vengeance against De Young. A meeting on the "sand lot" was called, and a demand made by the crowd to go down town, take De Young out of prison and hang him, but a dispatch came from Kearney, who was at a meeting at Vallejo, twenty-four miles distant, saying that he would arrive in the city at 8 o'clock, P. M., whereupon the meeting decided not to hang De Young until Dennis could be heard. He came, mounted the platform and looked down upon 20,000 surging, excited men, shouting and yelling for De Young's life. The crowd needed but a word from him to have sent them off wildly to the prison, but Kearney reminded them that in ten days the election would put their party in power in the city, and then De Young would be attended to—that any attempt at violence would be met by the revolvers of the police, and the rifles and Gatling guns of the military, and that he wanted them to keep quiet and go to their homes. They took his advice, and for once in his life Dennis Kearney's influence over his followers has shown to advantage, and riot and bloodshed have been prevented. At last accounts Kalloch was recovering. De Young's cowardly attack, it is almost needless to say, cannot but be of immense advantage to the Kearney ticket at the election on Wednesday next.

WHAT Grant refused to say to Harry White about a third term, in his letter to that amateur statesman a short time before the meeting of the Republican National Convention at Cincinnati in 1876, he (Grant) is represented now by some newspaper editors to have said to the Viceroy of Tientsin, China, in a conversation which recently took place between them. It will be remembered that the letter to White was beautifully non-committal on the subject of a third term—that it was a puzzle to the country closely akin to the ways of the thimble-rigger when he says to his dupes, "You pays your money and you takes your choice." In the interview at Tientsin, the Viceroy referred to the time when Grant would again be President of the United States, to which the latter replied: "Your Excellency is very kind, but there could be no wish more distasteful to me than what you express. I have held the office of President as long as it has ever been held by any man. I have no claims to the office. I have had my share of it, and have had all the honors that can be or should be given to any citizen." Now if any man can extract out of all this a declaration against a third term, the same man could have drawn the same conclusion from Grant's letter to White, and it is not pretended that any one ever put upon that production a construction so lame and impotent. The Viceroy himself was not deceived by Grant's disclaimer of any additional honor from the people of this country, because it is stated that from the rest of the conversation "he was not convinced that Grant would not again accept the office." Grant has never said, either in this country or in any of the countries he has been visiting, what it would have been very easy for him to say, that under no circumstances would he accept another term as chief magistrate of the American people. He will never say so, and about the time he returns to this country there will be published at Washington the first number of a journal projected and owned by capitalists in New York and Philadelphia, and to be issued for the express purpose of advocating his nomination for a third term. How the almond eyes of the Viceroy of Tientsin would sparkle, and what a bland and childlike smile would suffuse his face, if the guerilla Mosby, consul to Hong Kong, with a copy of the third term organ in his hand, should explain to him through an interpreter the purpose for which it has been established.

THE yellow fever has been on the increase in Memphis during the week ending on Wednesday last, the deaths averaging seven per day, as against four previous to that time. One genuine case resulting in death on Monday occurred in New Orleans, the victim being the wife of the well known confederate General, John B. Hood.

THE Democratic State Committee has been called by its chairman, George W. Miller, Esq., to meet at Bolton's Hotel, Harrisburg, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Wednesday, Sept. 10th. A full attendance is requested.

ONE of the most honored names in this country is that of Horatio Seymour, ex-Governor of New York, who is passing the evening of a life well spent in peaceful retirement on his farm near Utica, in that State. Until in a recent letter he expressed his unalterable determination never again, on account of the delicate state of his health, to become a candidate for public office, his name was frequently mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, which, other things being equal, he would be so admirably qualified to fill. Standing as he does to-day the most popular man in New York, repeated efforts have been made by the leaders of the two factions into which the Democratic party in that State is unfortunately divided, to prevail upon him to accept the nomination for Governor, and by his election in November heal the differences that now exist in the ranks of his party, and thus place the result of the Presidential contest in that State next year beyond a reasonable doubt. But a stern refusal on his part has been the invariable reply. Our purpose, however, in now referring to him is to vindicate, through Edwin M. Stanton, his patriotic services to his country in the dark days of 1863, when he was Governor of New York. Even at this late day it is a common thing to see Horatio Seymour referred to by Republican editors, whose ignorance is only equalled by their malice, as a "copperhead" during the war—opposed to the Union—and whose heart was with the South; and all this in the face of *facts* well known to every man who is at all familiar with the history of the war.

What Gov. Seymour did to strengthen the government in 1863, just before the battle of Gettysburg in July of that year, and which was the turning point in the war, is briefly but conclusively set forth in the following letter to him from Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of War:

[*Confidential.*]

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, June 27, 1863.

DEAR SIR: I cannot forbear expressing to you the deep obligation I feel for the prompt and cordial support you have given to the Government in the present emergency. The energy, activity and patriotism you have exhibited I may be permitted personally and officially to acknowledge without arrogating any personal claim on my part in such service, or to any service whatever.

I shall be happy to be always esteemed your friend, EDWIN M. STANTON.

His Excellency HORATIO SEYMOUR.

When this letter was written the rebels under Lee were swarming down the Cumberland valley towards Harrisburg, where consternation and dismay reigned supreme. In three days afterwards the battle of Gettysburg began, and after it was over and when Governor Curtin hadn't a single soldier to send to the upper Potomac in pursuit of Lee's retreating army, regiment after regiment of hastily-enlisted troops could be seen passing through Harrisburg and on up the valley railroad to Chambersburg and Hagerstown. These regiments were the swift evidences of the "energy, activity and patriotism" of two Democratic "copperhead" Governors—Horatio Seymour, of New York, and Joel Parker, of New Jersey.

HOW TO DO IT.—They know how to do things over in Cumberland county in a political way, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*. The Chairman of the Democratic Committee of that county, Mr. M. Gusweiler, of Mechanicsburg, cannot be excelled as an organizer and political worker. He has just issued a circular which is given below and which is commended to Democratic Committees everywhere as a model document of its kind:

HEADQUARTERS DEMOCRATIC STANDING COMMITTEE, MECHANICSBURG, August 18, 1879.—*Dear Sir*: It is of the utmost importance that the workers of the Democratic party be vigilant and active in this campaign. It's the skirmish line of the great battle of 1880, and no point should be left unwatched. The secret of successful work is in knowing what to do, and how to do it. The object of all political effort is to get the greatest possible number of votes to the polls. To do this we must see that all the Democrats and those who will vote the Democratic ticket are qualified to vote. To be qualified all must be registered on or before September 3; all must have paid a State and county tax before October 3. Particularly we must see that those who have reached the age of twenty-two since the last election have paid a tax assessed to them and paid. This is frequently overlooked. Having seen that all are qualified to vote, we must next remember that November 4 is election day, and that all true Democrats who love their country and their party should turn out and vote. This is an off year, and our antagonists will count on our apathy and indifference to allow them to win. This must not be. No vantage ground must be surrendered to the enemy. A Republican in the Sheriff's office would be hundreds of votes for a Republican President in 1880, besides incalculable injury to the local interests of the party. Let the usual poll books be made out with care. Let intelligent men be selected who will watch the polls on election day and see that no illegal votes are polled against us. Let documents and speeches and newspapers be liberally distributed, so that the great issues of the day may be plainly put before the people. Let hackmen be employed who will bring to the polls all invalids and all others who would otherwise be unable to get there. Let everything be done to show that the great fraud of 1876 must be wiped out, and that no military dictator, with his army and subsidized satellites at the polls shall control the ballots of freemen. Let every man know that this is a fight between Democratic liberty and insidious imperialism. Very respectfully, etc.,

M. GUSWILER, Chairman.

UNCLE JAKE'S OBSERVATIONS.—Speaking of Daniel O. Barr, Esq., the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer, Zeigler's Butler *Herald* of last week says:

We have given more than ordinary attention to our exchanges to see what the feeling was in regard to Mr. D. O. Barr, our candidate for State Treasurer. In doing so, we were gratified to find the Democratic unit in his support, and also that a number of independent journals had expressed a preference for him. That he is a gentleman of unexceptional private worth and splendid business qualifications is admitted even by his political opponents. He belongs to no "rings" or "factions," and being of undoubted integrity, he would bring to the discharge of public duty an honesty of purpose that would be a sure guarantee that the interests of the people would be zealously cared for. Our readers know that we were strongly in favor of his nomination, because our intimacy with him assured us no better selection could be made. Should he be elected, and we earnestly hope he may be, with entire confidence we leave his office unhampered by the demands of mere politicians, unawed by their frowns. This is as it should be. The dignity which pertains to public position consists in a faithful discharge of duty, and not in the personal interest it brings to the incumbent. In the purer days of the republic men went into office poor and came out the same. In later days they go in poor and come out rich. The nomination of Mr. Barr is a move in the right direction. By it we are assured the public interests are once more to be made paramount to all other considerations. Let the people act accordingly.

A BLOODY DUEL.—A Kansas City dispatch gives the following particulars of a fatal duel in Kansas on Friday evening last:

About dusk Friday night a terrible tragedy was enacted in Wyandotte county, just across the line from Kansas city, resulting in the deaths of James Dobbins and Michael Burns, old farmers and residents of the county. There had been a bond of ten years' standing between the families, and on Friday Dobbins and Burns met on the premises of the latter and after passing a few words began shooting at each other. It was a deadly duel with the wives and families of both as spectators. Dobbins opened fire by sending two balls into the side of the house, when Burns pulled his revolver and the men advanced to within two feet of each other before any more shooting took place. Dobbins then fired, hitting Burns in the arm, and in return received two bullets in the chest. Neither man fell, and Dobbins shot Burns through the head, when the latter fell, but raising himself shot once more, the ball entering Dobbins' head behind the ear. The men then clinched and in a death grapple beat each other with clubbed revolvers. The wife of Dobbins tried to assist her husband, but he died while struggling with Burns, who also died about daylight this morning.

The section of the country where the affray took place is historical, being near the old post road followed by Quantrell's raiders after the sacking of Lawrence during the early years of the war, and has been the scene of many bloody encounters.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—One McCloskey fatally stabbed John Dabarr, at Phœnix, Arizona. He was subsequently lynched.

—A son of General George W. Cass died recently in the south of France, where his parents are now residing.

—A gentleman named Wycoff arrived at Gettysburg the other day on horseback, having ridden the entire distance from New Orleans.

—Colonel Robert Ingersoll denies that he is going to Ohio to speak for Ewing. So much the better for Ewing, remarks the Philadelphia *Record*.

—The farmers of Jefferson county are very much annoyed by the depredations of bee birds. They have depleted some very fine hives about Brookville.

—Here it is again: Alice Vail, a young girl in Sayre, Bradford county, attempted to light a fire with coal oil, Thursday afternoon, and was burned to death.

—Sunbury papers deny reports that have been published that the Molly Maguires confined in jail there awaiting death have made a confession or threatened to make any.

—Mr. David Fox, of Green Lane, Montgomery county, who lost three children several weeks ago with diphtheria, buried two more from the same cause last Thursday.

—Owing to his poverty, Mr. George W. Jones, at one time United States Senator from Iowa, has been forced to seek the nomination for Sheriff of Dubuque county, that State.

—Eben Waterbury, aged 72, fell in love with a young woman at Ellsworth, Ill., and gained her consent to marry; but his stern son interposed, and the old man committed suicide.

—Boyton won the swimming match with Webb, at Newport, R. I., on Friday. In the afternoon Webb for the second time became exhausted and had to be taken out of the water.

—A needle, with a long thread attached, was picked out of a boy's back, in Lancaster, on Saturday. It is supposed to have entered some portion of his body when he was an infant.

—In Rockland township, Berks county, there are five families in which the progeny thus far shows a grand total of eighty-five. None of the heads of these families are much beyond the meridian of life.

—The Abbe Liszt has been nominated an honorary canon of the Cathedral of Albano by the Cardinal Archbishop Hohenlohe, who is a musical amateur, and the nomination has been confirmed by the Pope.

—Two children, aged four and two years, gathered toadstools on the farm of their father, Mr. William Logan, residing near Allegheny City, which they ate, and died five hours afterward in great agony.

—The Raber murderers at Lebanon are quarreling among themselves. One of them asserts that Wise, who has confessed, offered him $500 if he would put Raber out of the way. Wise modestly denies the statement.

—A Canadian, six feet seven inches in height, weighing two hundred and eighty pounds, and measuring fifty-two inches around the chest, is visiting his brother in Hydetown and exciting the admiration of all beholders.

—Mary Perry, aged 74, of Springport, Cayuga county, N. Y., sat at tea with some friends on Sunday last. They were relating funny incidents, and Mrs. Perry, becoming convulsed with laughter, suddenly fell back in her chair, dead.

—Edward Sullivan, machinist, residing in the Thirty-second Ward, Pittsburgh, has become insane through worrying over inventions upon which he had obtained patents, and on Saturday was taken to the Dixmont Lunatic Asylum.

—Mr. Henry Reece, of Buffalo Run, Centre county, in attempting to jump from a stack of grain on to a board beneath, made a misstep and fell upon a separator in rapid motion. One of his feet was terribly mangled and nearly torn off.

—The West Chester *Republican* has this: "A plum tree on the property of John J. Parker, in West Goshen township, is joined at the root by a peach tree, which is making good progress and does not interfere with the other tree's growth."

—An old letter containing a five dollar bill on the bank of Hagerstown, an English shilling and a copper cent, was recently discovered among the musty documents in the Columbia county prothonotary's office. It has been there for twenty-three years.

—There are fifty-eight coal mines in the second bituminous district of Pennsylvania—forty-one drifts, two slopes, and fifteen shafts. Twenty of these mines are located in Mercer county, and the coal averages from twenty-eight inches to four feet in thickness.

—The engine of the Johnstown express train, eastward bound, on Friday, while passing the station at Haverford College, Delaware county, struck and killed Mrs. M'Kee, wife of Robert M'Kee, as she attempted to pass the platform near the track before the train.

—At Middletown, Pa., on Thursday night, an attempt was made to rob Jacob Steel, Collector of the Pennsylvania Canal Company. After striking him several blows on the head with a blunt instrument, the thieves became alarmed and left without accomplishing their object.

—Among the people who have recently reached Kansas is an entire Baptist church of three hundred members, led by the pastor and deacons. With their families, the party numbered six hundred souls. They were from Delta, La., and reached their destination in a state of great impoverishment.

—Lizzie Bompf, of Louisville, married Joseph Drago when she was only 15 years old, and within three months obtained a divorce. At 16 she was united to him again by a second ceremony, and this time six months elapsed before a separation. She is now nearly 17, and Drago is wooing her anew.

—J. M'Henry, who recently failed in London for £1,000,000, lived in Harmony, Butler county from 1819 to 1824. If he had remained there until now, the Harrisburg *Patriot* thinks Uncle Jake might have endorsed his paper and prevented the failure about which so much is said in the newspapers.

—Miss Antrobus, a young English lady who became a Catholic some four or five weeks ago, is the sister of Mr. Antrobus, who was for several years attached to the English Legation in Washington, and who, though handsome, talented and the possessor of large means, gave up everything to become a poor priest.

—On Thursday night Fred. Keester, in Iroquois county, Ill., shot his wife with a shot gun, the charge carrying away her lower jaw. He then completed the murder with an axe, with which he gashed her head and body in a horrible manner as she attempted to escape. Keester escaped. No cause for the tragedy is known.

—William Fry, journeyman baker, killed Jacob Jauch, at the bakery of the latter, on Buckeye street, Cincinnati, Monday morning, by repeated blows upon the head with a hatchet. The cause of the assault was the reservation of three dollars from Fry's wages to pay a debt the latter had incurred at a neighboring grocery.

—A Paris dispatch to the London *Standard* says some French Catholics and Royalists, who are frightened by the Ferry bill, have determined to emigrate to the Island of Papua, where they will found a Catholic colony, under direction of the Marquis De Royes. This is the expedition heretofore reported as about to sail from Flushing under the American flag.

—Henry J. Rogers, the agent in the erection of the first telegraph line in the world—that between Baltimore and Washington—died on Wednesday in Baltimore, aged 69 years. He was subsequently Superintendent of the North American Telegraph Company, and was the author of the code of marine signals now used in all ports of the United States.

—A peculiar feature about a stream of water flowing past Allentown is noted. It is a fact that although in the country north of Allentown as much rain has fallen in the past few days as at this point, the Jordan is still dry. The Jordan apparently has a subterranean bottom, at places, and until this is filled the water does not run in the bed of the creek.

—George Herman, a farmer, living near Orwigsburg, Schuylkill county, was set upon on Thursday, by an ox that had become mad from the bite of a dog. He was struck in the face by one of the hoofs of the animal and badly cut. His clothes were badly torn, and he was severely bruised before he could finally escape, when he returned and shot the infuriated beast.

—The Lutheran Church thirty years ago had only a scattered people in this country west of Ohio. Now it numbers in the same region 27 synods, 1,702 ministers, 3,001 churches and 367,180 communicants. In the entire country less than a century ago there were only 24 Lutheran ministers. The present number is 3,150, with 5,600 congregations and 625,000 communicants.

—Two young people were married at Ocean Grove on Sunday evening, and went to a tent, just put up for them on Broadway, for the night. Hardly had they dismissed their friends when the storm came down like the wolf on the fold and carried the bridal chamber across Fletcher Lake. Drenched and nearly drowned they knocked at the door of a cottager and were taken in.

—On Thursday last, while ex-Governor Sprague was walking on the beach near Narragansett Pier, R. I., his attention was turned to a sail-boat containing two men which ran too near inshore and got caught in the breakers, finally overturning. One man was caught in the ropes and was under the boat. Mr. Sprague, jumping into the water, succeeded in righting the boat and rescuing the man from drowning.

—A recent estimate gives to the Catholic Church about one-seventh of the population of the earth: to Protestantism between a twelfth and a thirteenth, and to Christianity as a whole a little less than three-tenths. Another authority places the whole number of Catholics in the world at 216,356,000, of which number Europe has 153,444,000, America 51,400,000, Asia 9,167,000, Africa, 1,595,000, and Australia 650,000.

—A lady in White Hall, Burlington county, says the Indianapolis *Journal*, is the owner of a dog and a dove. Whenever she goes out walking the dove perches itself on the dog's head, and the latter trots off happy as a lark. The bird holds its position until the party return home, unless Towser is attacked by some of the bad dogs of the borough. Then it flies to a place of safety, returning to its favorite roost when the tussel between the dogs is over.

—Sixteen years ago a woman at Bridgewater, Conn., was accused by a neighbor of stealing his watch, and her house was searched. There was no evidence against her, nor was she able to get satisfactory proof of her innocence. She grieved constantly over the matter, and of late, as she grew old and decrepit, she feared that she would die without being able to clear herself of the disgrace. But the watch has now been turned up by a plough, in a field where the careless owner originally lost it.

—George Thompson was on his death bed in a hospital at Lexington, Ky. He sent for a police detective and confessed that he was a fugitive murderer from Tennessee, saying that he did not wish to die with the crime on his conscience. But he soon rallied, and there being hope of his recovery, declared that the confession must have been a freak of delirium, as he remembered nothing about it, and certainly had never killed anybody. However, he had time before he died to confess anew what was found to be the truth.

—Edwin Smith, a farmer, who lives seven miles south of Adrian, Mich., and who is forty-seven years of age, has a black, silky beard seven feet six and a half inches long. As his height is six feet his whiskers sweep the floor when down, though he, of course, keeps them done up with hair-pins and bands most of the time. His twin brother, Edward, has been twenty years in raising a beard five inches long. Edwin attributes the wonderful growth to having clipped the fuz from his face when a child. He is a well-to-do farmer, and would not think of organizing himself into a show.

—The Brookville *Democrat* says that Hooten, the present chairman of the Republican State Committee, and who was a delegate to the convention that nominated Mr. Butler for State Treasurer, offered the resolution that was passed in that body, preventing the consideration of any resolution on the subject of bribery and corruption in the Legislature. Mr. Wolf, who attempted to get such a resolution before the convention and failed, has taken the matter to the courts. A little Hooten kept the subject out of the stalwart platform, but no amount of hooting will prevent its consideration by the courts.

—The Keysville (Va.) *Herald* says that some few days ago Dr. F. J. Gregory was called to see a little two-year-old boy who was suffering with a pain in his hip. The little fellow would cry out with pain whenever he made any sudden twist or turn of the body, and his parents could not imagine the cause. On examination, the doctor discovered signs to lead him to think that there was a needle or something in the flesh, and by pressing the place with his fingers the point of a needle made its appearance. Catching it with a pair of forceps, he pulled, and brought to light a whole darning needle, about two and a half inches in length.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.—The next election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of November.

Voters must be assessed two months preceding the election: that is, on or before Thursday, September 4th.

Voters must have paid a State or county tax one month preceding the election: that is, on or before Saturday, Oct. 4th.

Members of Democratic State, county and city committees should see to it that every voter of our party has complied with the law.

Failure to pay tax in season deprives the voter of the right of suffrage. An elector can swear in his vote, though he be not assessed, but the neglect may cause him much trouble.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.—"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article, made of valuable remedies known to all, that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend **Hop** Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."

Rev. ——, Washington, D. C.

—A bashful South Bend girl refused to jump from the window of a burning building in her night dress, went back to her room to put on more clothes, and was burned to death.

FACTS INCONTROVERTIBLE.—The people of Cambria county, or a goodly portion of them at least, will substantiate the fact—

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $5.50 to $2.75, we are never out of them;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $4.00 to $3.00, we always have them on hand;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $5.50 to $4.00, they are always in stock;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $6.75 to $5.75, we can always find them for customers;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $8.50 to $6.75, we don't tell people we have just sold the last suit;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $12.25 to $10.50, we can always furnish a perfect fit.

Remember that the goods quoted above are lined throughout, and are saleable, desirable and serviceable clothing.

Pants we can sell in jeans from 50c. up; in cotton worsted from 90c. up; in cassimeres from $2.75 up. In gents' furnishing goods we can sell white laundried shirts from 40c. up; calico shirts from 20c. up; undershirts and drawers from 20c. up; suspenders from 6c. up; half hose from 4c. up; hats from 25c. up; caps from 5c. up. The largest stock of trunks and valises in Altoona.

Remember we are slaughtering summer clothing, straw hats, etc., in order to close out all kind of summer wear at the New Clothing Depot, 1230 Eleventh avenue, which is known far and near as the cheapest house in the trade, and the best place in the country to buy good clothing, hats, caps and furnishing goods at honest prices.

CHARLES SIMON,
In Dr. Christy's Building, in rear of Logan House, Altoona, Pa.

CHIEF JUSTICE THOMPSON AS A TRAMP.—A correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Critic*, writing from Mercer, Pa., gives the following interesting story as a contribution to history:

"Apropos of the tramp law, an incident connected with the life of a very great man was brought to your correspondent's attention by Hon. M. S. Garvin, ex-member of Congress from this district, and which is vouched for as being true in every particular. About the year 1830 a journeyman printer was tramping his way between Pittsburgh and Erie in search of work. He met with no success, and as evening came he found his way to a town that boasted of a single newspaper. Upon inquiry he found that it needed no compositors, and, disheartened, was tramping on, when some of the employes persuaded their fellow craftsman to tarry over night. Taking him to Whistler's hotel, they passed a few jolly hours, and found in the tramp not only a man of ability but a musician of more than ordinary merit. With him he carried a German flute, upon which he delighted his comrades with selections from the best authors. At a late hour he retired, and, when morning came, with a different air he sought Mr. Whistler, the landlord, and explained the situation—i. e., that he was penniless and had hoped to obtain work, but had failed; that he did not wish to defraud him out of the amount due for lodging, and that if he would take his flute and keep it until redeemed he would regard it as an act of kindness not to be forgotten.

"'Why,' said Whistler, 'my dear sir, the music you made last night more than compensated me for the keep you have had. Take your flute with you, and should you ever become able to pay, all right—if not, there is no harm done.'

"The next day found the 'tramp' in Erie, where he obtained work, and his first dollar earned was sent back to his new found friend, Whistler. That 'tramp' has since been known to the world as Chief Justice Thompson, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Under the provisions of the present 'tramp law' he might have been one of the victims who, in default of being able to prove that he was not a tramp, would have been incarcerated in jail at separate and solitary confinement at labor for and during the term of one year."

VON MOLTKE AS A SOLDIER.—This remarkable German chieftain is the greatest living soldier. He has a constitution of iron, nerves of steel, and a will like the grip of death. Silent, reticent, unassuming, active, and of indomitable pluck, he controls his forces almost as directly as he moves the muscles of his own body. His army, to a man, almost worships him. Rheumatism is his only physical trouble, and he refers to it as an "annoyance." Many business men resemble him in his mental and physical qualities and in his infirmity. Pains in the limbs, back, head and side, stiff joints, nervousness and unrefreshing sleep are sure signs of coming affliction. Rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints, biliousness, chills and blood disorders should be cured before they become chronic. Sandaline is a certain remedy for all these ailments. It clears the blood, regulates all the functions of the body, and restores perfect health. It operates gently, and is pleasant to take. Sandaline Lotion cures rheumatism, soreness and all unhealthy discharges. Will do just as recommended, used as directed, or money refunded. Price $1. Ask your druggist.—Erie, Pa., Nov. 22, '78. DR. GONNOD, 5 West 14th St., N. Y.: I want to let you know that the Sandaline and the Lotion has altogether rid me of my rheumatism that I have had these seven years, and I can certify that they are first rate remedies. You can refer to me. J. E. Vedder.—Dr. Gonnod's great medical work, full of interest, over 250 pages. Price $1. Send for it.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—Out in the Hoosier State lives a young woman who has well earned the title of "the sleeping beauty," insasmuch as she has been awake only twenty minutes of a day for the past year. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says of her:

Some twenty-three miles distant from Knightstown, Ind., in a German settlement, there is a beautiful young woman, some twenty-one years of age, daughter of Casper Schmidt, who is to all appearance quite dead, having been in that state for nearly twelve months past. She awakens, however, once every twenty-four hours, precisely at ten o'clock at night, and will converse with the family and others for about twenty minutes, when she will again relapse into the comatose state and remain so until ten o'clock the following night, at which hour she awakens as before mentioned, throws out her arms and folding her hands together and raising upon her shoulders until the spectators imagine that her bones are cracking. She remains in that laborious state for the space of ten minutes, when she comes to a perfect possession of her faculties. A singular feature of the case is the young lady recollects well if any promises have been made her the previous night, and will be very fretful for a time if they are not fulfilled; but if the things are brought her she makes one of none of them, as she eats or drinks little or nothing at all. She could never be persuaded to attempt to eat any food but three times during thirty-two days, and then put the three together she did not eat any more than a child a year old would take. After conversing a few minutes this remarkable young lady will suddenly clasp her hands together, throw her arms into the same manner as when awakening, and will return into the same somnolent state as before until ten o'clock the following night.

A PETRIFIED BODY.—The remains of a woman buried about nineteen years ago at Albany, N. Y., were disinterred the other day and found to be of the consistency of chalk. The *Knickerbocker* says of the strange petrifaction:

Yesterday afternoon the body of Mrs. O'Neil, who died nineteen years ago of paralysis of the throat, was disinterred in the old St. John's burying ground, with the view of reinterring it in Calvary Cemetery, at Bleecker's Corners. The work of opening the grave was done under the direction of the dead woman's daughters, who employed Mr. J. Sullivan, the keeper of the old cemetery, to clear away the earth. When the coffin was reached, it was found to be very heavy, and required the united strength of three men to raise it. Upon the lid being removed a strange sight presented itself. The body from the knees to the neck was as white as marble and of about the consistency of chalk, possibly a trifle harder. From the knees down the limbs had entirely disappeared, leaving nothing but the dry bones. The head had also entirely decayed, leaving only the skull. The burial garments had almost entirely disappeared, leaving the body considerably exposed. There was a deal of excitement at the discovery, and Father Walsh of St. John's church was hastily summoned, and he sent for Professor Beck, of the Geological Institute, who thoroughly examined the body, scraping it with a knife to ascertain if it was really petrified. He reported that it was a case of petrifaction such as is rarely seen. He was of the opinion that in a few more years the body will be as solid and as hard as marble.

A WEDDING THAT CAUSED THREE MURDERS.—The Little Rock (Ark.) *Gazette* relates the following:

A few miles from Wiltsburg, St. Francis county, Ark., lived a widow named Hammett. The woman was engaged in farming, and, though she had two grown sons, was compelled to employ a young man to superintend farm labors. Mrs. Hammett was about 40 years of age. The laborer was a mere boy, but an attachment soon sprang up between the widow and the youth, which ended in a matrimonial proposal. The wedding day was fixed. The two sons, hearing of the matrimonial arrangements that had been made between their mother and the stripling, called upon her, and tried to dissuade her from marriage. The widow refused to accept her sons' counsel.—The sons made threats, but the widow affirmed that she loved the young man, and would marry him at all hazards. The sons went away, and at the appointed time the young man appeared, attired for the wedding. The minister came, and friends were assembled. "Then art man and wife" had hardly been pronounced, when a flash at the window followed by a loud report, terrified the women and astonished the men. Another flash, another report, and the newly made husband sank to the floor. The widow's younger son was the murderer. He fled, but was captured. Next day the young husband died and shortly afterward the widow's younger son, in attempting to escape, was shot and killed; and report says that shortly afterward the elder brother went to his mother's house and beat her brains out with a club.

WANTED AGENTS FOR CITY AND STATE.—A limited number of first-class canvassers for the beautiful and superior work of travel, "Around the World with General Grant," by John Russell Young. Published by Subscription Book Department of the American News Co. Apply or address MANAGER, Pittsburgh Branch, 53 Ninth street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—Mr. George W. Owens, of Birmingham, introduced a resolution in the late Huntingdon county Republican convention condemnatory of the license laws, but the resolution was tabled and George W. shelved.

Important Announcement.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
GRAND DEPOT,
Thirteenth Street, - - Philadelphia.

THE large increase of our business thus far this year makes it necessary to

ENLARGE OUR PREMISES.

We have been cramped and crowded all the season in some of our Departments, and as no alternative is to make some important alterations and additions to give us the requisite room. The only time to do this is during August and September, the dullest periods of the year. To allow the builders to get on rapidly with the work, some of our goods must be moved or sold. To save expense of removing certain stocks, to prevent loss and deterioration, we have during the alterations, we have concluded to offer many of our goods at or about cost. The whole of our stock will be found to be marked very, very low.

THE GREAT ALTERATION SALE
COMMENCES IMMEDIATELY.

Our prices are always at the very lowest point, and at this time, when goods are already in price, we should not press our stock to sale but to get the goods out of the way of the

EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS

And Improvements to be made to the Grand Depot.

It is unnecessary to say that the qualities of our goods are the best. We do not allow to lose reputation by selling poor or imperfect goods. The well-known rules of Exchange and Return Money observed by the Grand Depot fully protect our customers, and, besides, in carrying up this great business, we are very careful to keep good faith with our patrons who are trading on us.

We only add that it will be to the interest of the people in city or country to buy during the

GREAT ALTERATION SALE.

Silks, Dress Goods, Trimmings, and everything in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear will be sold in large or small quantities, promptly forwarded by mail or express, and exactly as represented, but even then, if not as expected, cheerfully exchanged or the money refunded. Write a postal card, specifying what you desire, and samples, with full instructions for ordering, will be sent you, postage paid, without any obligation to purchase if prices

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY MORNING, - AUG. 29, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—Next Sunday will be the last day of summer.

—Court will begin next Monday, at 11 o'clock, a. m.

—The Altoona *Radical* looks well in a new suit of type.

—Malignant fever continues to ravage Cambria borough.

—The fall and winter session of our public schools will begin next Monday morning.

—Sheriff Ryan will expose several properties to judicial sale in Johnstown to-morrow.

—Two men were kicked by horses in Huntingdon county last week, and both were killed.

—The late cold snap has had the effect of perceptibly decreasing the number of guests at our summer hotels.

—It is understood that the Republicans of the county will not nominate a ticket till the last week in September.

—Harry Hyer, Esq., formerly of Ebensburg, Johnstown and Hollidaysburg, has located in Leadville, Colorado.

—The defunct Mt. Union, Huntingdon county, *Times* was lately sold at constable's sale for the magnificent sum of $70.

—A large lot of men's, youths' and boys' clothing will be sold at cost at M. J. Teitelbaum's, Loretto. Call and get a bargain.

—A newly-born babe was found in a pigpen on the premises of a Mr. Wetzell, near Somerset, last Monday morning. It was alive.

—We return thanks to the managers of the Indiana County Agricultural Society for a complimentary ticket to their forthcoming exhibition.

—We have had so much wet and cold weather of late that people begin to think it don't pay to have a government observatory managed us.

—Altoona has a club known as the "Greybeards," the members being all over 60 years of age. They picnicked at Lloydsville one day last week.

—For good coffee, molasses, and groceries generally, go to M. J. Teitelbaum's, Loretto. He keeps the best stock in the county, and sells the lowest.

—Hague, the barber, has introduced water into his shop, up-stairs in the Freidhoff building. He is progressive, as well as unequaled in the tonsorial line.

—A reunion of the Eleventh regiment, Pennsylvania Reserves, was held in Indiana last Monday. The attendance from this section was remarkably slim.

—Hon. A. A. Barker has our thanks for a very acceptable mess of sweet corn. Come again, neighbor, do unto us in like manner, and we will acknowledge the favor.

—At the East Conemaugh camp-meeting grounds last Thursday, three ministers of the Gospel were united in wedlock with the three several ladies of their choice, one of the latter being the daughter of a clergyman.

—Our Cherry Tree correspondent reports the death, on the 23d inst., of Sarah, aged 23 years, wife of Wm. Duncan, of Green township, Indiana county, from a disease which two medical gentlemen pronounced yellow fever. Both bad.

—Pat. Collins, an alleged Mollie Maguire of Huntingdon county, attacked John Hagan on Thursday last with a pick, from pea remover, whatever that is, and inflicted injuries on him which are likely to prove fatal.

—Constable Wherley, of the West ward, informs us that a grape-vine on his premises is in bloom for the second time this season, and has already matured into nearly a normal crop of fruit. This is certainly something out of the common.

—By a note received from Mr. N. C. Barclay, of the Altoona *Sun*, we learn that the list of persons who propose attending the printers' picnic at Cresson Saturday of next week is rapidly increasing. Printing officers be compelled except one or two.

—The crossing between Mr. D. E. Evans' and Mr. Thomas Griffith's residence, Eighth street, is being raised to a level with the pavement. Had it been made that way originally, some former Council would not have evidenced such a lack of gumption.

—A. M. Hammers, photographer, bids us say that the "Sunbeam Gallery" will positively close on Thursday next, Sept. 4th. So now is the accepted time to get your pictures taken, and also to buy frames at much less than cost. Look at our stock.

—Here is an item about a former fellow-townsman of ours which we find in an exchange: "General Charles Albright, of Mount Union, conducted special religious services recently held by the railroad men in their shops, and co-laborers."

—If everything goes well Brown next week sessions Court, and of course you will be buying a few goods for your wife and little ones, and as you will want to get your goods at the lowest prices, we offer you a little advice that is, buy from V. S. Barker & Son.

—Mr. Hugh McGrory, late of Millville, died in the neighborhood of Ninevah, Westmoreland county, last Thursday. He was engaged in harvesting, and, feeling faint, dismounted and sat down on a grass plat, and never again rose to his head. His age was 43 years.

—A went out to shoot at a target last Saturday afternoon, but the rain somewhat interfered with the programme. Two shots only were fired, at the distance of 200 yards, Captain Sam. Davis came out victor, Captain Sam. Davis came out victor, the remarkably low one of 25.

—A child walked out on a plank thrown across a deep well, in Westmoreland county, the other day. Her aunt, a Miss Snodgrass, saved the peril of the little one, and was mentally shocked thereby that she dropped in, fracturing her ribs, if we are rightly informed, and otherwise injuring herself internally to such an extent that it was thought at latest accounts she could not recover. Her age is upward of seventy years, and for that reason if none other her injuries are likely to prove fatal.

—Mr. James B. Maitland in other years lived in Ebensburg, where he was known as the champion mint-julep concocter. Latterly, he has been favoring Lancaster with his presence, and we see by late numbers of the papers of that city that he has got himself into trouble. The charge against him is that of selling whisky without license.

—Jacob A. Harold, "the greatest coroner Cambria county ever had," was arrested in Greensburg and taken to Pittsburg on Tuesday last to answer an alleged attempt to obtain a pension for himself by false and fraudulent representations. Tuesday, Sept. 16th, was fixed for the hearing of his case, and meantime the accused was released on bail.

—Miss Mary Adams, daughter of Mrs. Ann Adams and Mr. M. M. Adams, dec'd, late of Cresson, died of consumption at the residence of her sister, in Philadelphia, on Monday last. Her remains were brought home and interred in the Catholic cemetery at Summitville on Wednesday. We failed to learn her age, but her soul rest in peace.

—The Altoona *Sun* rises—In circulation more and more every day. Glad to hear it, for there are no more honorable or deserving men in the profession than Brothers Barclay, nor is there anywhere in the State, nor out of it either for that matter, a more staunch and steadfast Democratic journal than the aforesaid *Sun*. Long may it shine.

—A couple of months ago a young Altoona girl named Anna Radigan made a narrow escape from burning to death by her clothing taking fire from a bonfire which had been built in the street by some boys. She recovered from her injuries, but on Thursday last she died from cerebro-spinal meningitis, superinduced by eating unripe fruit.

—The Wilmore camp-meeting, after a successful session of one week, closed its labors last Monday. The attendance the preceding Sunday was unusually large. The Conemaugh camp-meeting also folded its tents at the same time, the attendance having been fully up to the figures of other years, notwithstanding the inclement weather.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. inform us that they do not intend starting a wholesale boot and shoe store, as some people might be led to infer from the great stock of boots and shoes they have on hand, but they are determined nevertheless to sell such goods cheaper than any one else in town. They have the stock and the disposition to do what they say.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* gets off this pun, and it is a pretty good one: Exchanges in different parts of the country are still telling about the night fall of snow in Somerset county some weeks ago. It has not occurred to any of them to remark upon the singularity of the fact that it was in Somerset where the Winter-set in so early the season.

—Mr. Theodore Slick, of Johnstown, declares on the honor of a man who would scorn to tell a lie that one day last week he fell from the railroad at Packsaddle, near Blairsville, to the river bottom, a sheer descent of about 175 feet, and beyond a slight shaking-up, escaped without injury. It was certainly a Slick escape, provided, of course, it is not a Slick figment of the brain.

—A leak in the reservoir of the waterworks has throughout the summer prevented the water from rising above a certain point in that receptacle. On Friday and Saturday last, Street Commissioner Humphreys made close inquiry into the nature of the trouble, and was successful in finding the leak. It was stopped, and the supply of water, it is thought, will not hereafter run short.

—The Altoona base ball club had made arrangements to come to Ebensburg on Tuesday of this week, to measure bats with a home nine, but the game was necessarily deferred by reason of the wet weather. If nothing intervene to prevent, they will arrive here to-morrow on the morning train, and the game will be played in the afternoon, probably, if at all, at the picnic grounds.

—The First National bank, John Dibert & Co.'s bank, and the Savings bank, all Johnstown institutions, have had the Yale Lock Company time-piece attached to their safes. When the safe is closed, and the time-piece is set to a given hour, anything short of a ton of giant powder would signally fail to prevail on the doors to swing open till that hour had rolled round. The time-pieces work to a charm.

—Forgetting for a moment that he had a long pole across his shoulder, Abe Heitshue turned around in front of Freidhoff's store on Wednesday last to see who had spoken to him in passing, and the result was that the other end of the pole went crashing into a large pane of glass in the store window, leaving a hole large enough for the biggest bargain in the store to be shoved through with the greatest ease.

—Robert A. Clarke, Esq., died in McVeytown last Sunday, and was buried the following Tuesday morning. He was a member of the bar of this county several years, practised his profession in Altoona in partnership with D. J. Neff, Esq. Above the common stature of men, and a perfect specimen of physical manhood, he yet fell an early prey to the insidious advances of consumption, and died in the full bloom of usefulness.

—Father Vincent, the Passionist priest who concluded a very successful Mission at the Church of the Holy Name in this place, a day or two ago, left yesterday for Wilmore, where he is now conducting another Mission which promises to be equally as successful. Father Vincent is a profound reasoner and an eloquent expounder of Catholic doctrines, and we are sure that our people will be glad to welcome him back at any time.

—Sunday night last was pitch dark, and torrents of rain fell, but this unfavorable combination of circumstances failed to deter a couple of young persons of this place from leaving Wilmore camp-meeting at midnight and attempting to come home. They traveled and traveled till they ran the buggy over the road-side, when they quit and crawled into a convenient brush fence and waited for daylight. The buggy was somewhat damaged, but its occupants weren't.

—An interesting scene occurred in the Lancaster county court Tuesday afternoon of last week, in which crimination and recrimination passed freely between three prominent members of the bar, District Attorney Eshleman, J. Hay Brown and E. K. Martin. All three belong to the Republican party, and each eloquently accused the other of blackmail, bribery, and prevarication, Mr. Martin is well known here, he having graduated to the bar from the office of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq.

—A contract has been entered into by a Clearfield county firm named Hopkins & Irwin for getting out 16,000,000 feet of logs at Cherry Tree, Indiana county, about eighteen miles north of this place, within the next three years. Operations have already been commenced on the building of a tram road from the timber tract to the river, a distance of three and a half miles. The logs are to be taken out for Messrs. Baird & Cassidy, who we presume are a Lock Haven or Williamsport firm.

—Mrs. Brawley, the venerable wife of Mr. Michael Brawley, of Portage township, attempted to mount a three-legged chair the other day for the purpose of securing something beyond her reach, when the chair upset and she fell with her side on the floor, fracturing her hip-bone. Dr. Oldshue was called in, and reports that the fracture is a most favorable one, and that the old lady will be able to be around on crutches in a few weeks. Mrs. Brawley is 83 years of age.

—Mr. Jacob Hafer, of Johnstown, has been appointed Deputy Revenue Collector for the 18th district, and has entered upon the discharge of his duties. His district embraces Somerset, Bedford, Fulton, Huntingdon, Blair, Cambria and Clearfield counties. Mr. Hafer is a gentleman of unquestioned integrity and ability, and will make a most efficient officer.

—Mr. Wm. Donahoe, of Bedford county, has an apple orchard containing 1,100 trees, and expects to gather not less than ten thousand bushels of apples this fall. We imagine Bill can beat William raising apples, but we don't want to know unless they send us a few bushels as an evidence of good faith and good feeling.

—That's us, exactly! The Hollidaysburg *Register* says: We would like, oh, so much, to take the *Weekly Capital* (Kansas), one year, but can't quite make up our minds to publish a two dollar advertisement and a fifty cent local notice, just for that pleasure. The subscription price is $1.00 per year. They are entirely too modest.

—A Sinking Valley correspondent of the Altoona *Sun* tells how Walter Fleck, of that vicinage, attempted to go to church the other Sunday on mule-back, but failed to get there because Mr. Donkey, who, like all of the breed, spells his praying with a great big B, suddenly stopped in the middle of the road and allowed Mr. Fleck to go on—over his head and into the mud, greatly demoralizing his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes and knocking the piety out of him very completely.

—Mr. M. J. Smith is the name of a Johnstown individual who last week made a couple of desperate attempts to commit suicide. He first drew a case-knife across his wrist till a drop or two of blood put in an appearance, and then quit; and afterward attempted to disembowel himself with the blunt edge of a pole-ax. The police took him to the lock-up, and after he had slept off the fumes of an overdose of bad whisky which he had gulped down he felt exceedingly ashamed of himself.

—On the night of the 14th of July last, a valuable mare belonging to Mr. Simon P. Kline, of Carroll township, was stolen from his pasture-field. The animal was last traced to the possession of a man living in Mudtown, one of Altoona's suburbs, who promptly surrendered it to its rightful owner. Further research discovered the fact that two youths, named respectively John Will and John Bellinger, were the thieves, and they were taken into custody Thursday last and committed to jail to answer at Court. They had sold the mare for $20, two dollars of which were paid them in hand.

—"Judge" J. J. Cannon, a travelling salesman for the firm of Burns, Schmucker & Co., Philadelphia, died suddenly at his home in that city last Thursday morning. The deceased was well known throughout this county, having for many years paid our grocers periodical business visits. It is no more than a month since he was in our midst, looking the picture of health. We have said that the "Judge" was well known. It may be added that his winning ways made him a general favorite, and hosts of friends here and elsewhere will learn of his untimely decease with feelings of sincere regret. His age was about 47 years.

—Johnstown is to have both a new passenger depot and a new freight station. The plans have been sent to the Philadelphia office and have been approved, and it is understood that the work will be begun immediately and be pushed forward to an early completion. The freight depot is to be fitted up for a passenger depot and a new freight house built on the site of the present passenger station. The idea in changing the location of the freight house is to lessen the danger to teams, as under the present arrangement it is impossible to reach the building without crossing the railroad track twice and running the risk of being run into by a locomotive.

—The *Local News* says that Huntingdon can also produce a witness to the truth that the Ethiopian can change his skin. Mrs. Moses Tolivar, who fifteen years ago, was a mulatto, is now almost white, and can hardly be distinguished from a true Caucasian. The change has taken place gradually, leaving spots of the original color, which have now disappeared. The transition has been merely because so much ado has been made in eastern papers about the same remarkable fact in that vicinity. No doubt there are many cases in different parts of the Union, as we see that Mrs. Cook, of Woodvale, Cambria county, has also changed in appearance from a mulatto to a white woman.

—Last Friday, the Sheriff of Blair county, assisted by a posse, proceeded to a tract of land about one mile in a southerly direction from Kittanning Point and dispossessed a family by the name of Duncan, who had squatted on the land. Resistance was offered by the Duncans, and two of them, father and son, were arrested and taken to Hollidaysburg jail, where, at last accounts, they remained, bail not being forthcoming. This tract of land, which is said to be quite valuable, has been in dispute for some time, the Duncans claiming their title to it had to Yale Lock Company time-piece attached to their safes. When the safe is closed, and the time-piece is set to a given hour, anything short of a ton of giant powder would signally fail to prevail on the doors to swing open till that hour had rolled round. The time-pieces work to a charm.

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—Selling oysters out of season is the grave crime which a Johnstown saloon-keeper was required to plead to at the next term of Court. There is no "r" in August, and yet there is no cold weather, and we have been having a good deal of that recently this month.

—It is said that Mr. Eugene O'Neil, one of the proprietors of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, has been offered the position of managing editor of a New York journal at $12,000 per year. If Eugene don't accept, send it up the way. He'll take the $12,000, and say nothing about the other dollar.

—A former townsman, Mr. John H. Evans, brother of Alvin Evans, Esq., at present for sixteen years past a resident of Derby, where he fills the important position of City Controller, was in town during the early part of last week. He found a hearty welcome from his hosts of friends.

—As the Altoona City Band is to be one of the stunning features of the printers' picnic at Cresson to-morrow week, and as a ticket to Ebensburg is on the programme it will doubtless be indulged in, our citizens may expect to hear some of the finest music they ever had the pleasure of listening to.

—The Altoona *Radical* and Hollidaysburg *Register*, both of which journals are ever ready to give a boost when occasion offers, please accept thanks for kind words spoken in connection with the rumor, which is probably all a rumor, about the establishment of a new Democratic paper in this place.

—Mr. Wm. Donahoe, of Bedford county, has an apple orchard containing 1,100 trees, and expects to gather not less than ten thousand bushels of apples this fall. We imagine Bill can beat William raising apples, but we don't want to know unless they send us a few bushels as an evidence of good faith and good feeling.

—That's us, exactly! The Hollidaysburg *Register* says: We would like, oh, so much, to take the *Weekly Capital* (Kansas), one year, but can't quite make up our minds to publish a two dollar advertisement and a fifty cent local notice, just for that pleasure. The subscription price is $1.00 per year. They are entirely too modest.

MARKING OUR SOLDIER'S GRAVES.—In 1873, Congress passed a law providing for the erection of durable head-stones over the graves of soldiers of the regular and volunteer forces whose remains are interred in the National Military Cemeteries. That law was carried out, and the graves of the nation's dead in those cemeteries are now permanently marked. At the instance of the War Department, Congress at its session last winter authorized the erection of similar headstones over the graves of Union soldiers who are buried in private and village cemeteries, whether they died in service or since their muster-out or discharge, and the Quartermaster General at Washington was ordered to proceed at once to collect the necessary information as to where these head-stones are required. Our townsman, Mr. C. T. Roberts, kindly undertook to furnish the names of the soldiers buried in our several cemeteries whose last resting places are unmarked, and the subjoined letter will show the result of his researches:

EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa., }
Aug. 27, 1879. }

Capt. A. R. ROCKWELL, A. Q. M., U. S. Army:

Dear Sir—In pursuance of a letter received from you June 12th, I have hunted up the dead Union soldiers whose graves are unmarked and who are buried in our village cemeries, as follows:

Joseph D. Henderson, private, Co. H, 12th Pa. Reserve Corps; died Aug. 27, 1876; age, 32 years.

John O. Evans, private, Co. C, 133d Pa. Vols.; died June 14, 1874; age, 38 years.

Thomas E. Evans, private, Co. C, 200th Pa. Vols.; died Oct. 24, 1874; age, 36 years.

George W. Todd, major, 91st Pa. Vols., died Dec. 19, 1872; age, 32 years.

James Litzinger, private, Co. A, 55th Pa. Vols.; died Jan. 1, 1879; age, 39 years.

Thomas D. Litzinger, adjutant, 11th Pa. Reserve Corps; died June 8, 1867; age, 25 years.

A. J. Litzinger, musician, Co. F, 133d Pa. Vols.; died April 15, 1867; age, 17 years.

James M. Edelblute, private, Co. F, 133d Pa. Vols.; died April 3, 1872; age, 30 years.

Stephen A. Chase, private, 4th Maine Battery Light Artillery; died May 24, 1876; age, 34 years.

James Murray, captain, Co. D, 115th Pa. Vols.; died Oct. 24, 1878; age, 74 years.

George W. Brown, sergeant, Co. A, 11th Pa. Reserve Corps; died Oct. 5th, 1877; age, 45 years.

Jeremiah Evans, private, Co. A, Independent Battalion Emergency; died Jan. 28, 1872; age 28 years.

David H. Evans, private, Co. E, 77th Pa. Vols.; died May 5, 1871; age, 37 years.

Samuel Henry, adjutant, 182d Pa. Vols.; died Aug. 19, 1875; age, 32 years.

George W. Campbell, private, Co. E, 58th Pa. Vols.; died ——; age, 42 years.

In due course of time a neat head-stone, each bearing one of the foregoing inscriptions, will be prepared and forwarded. When placed in proper position, the possibility will cease to exist of the graves of our noble dead being forgotten through neglect and lapse of time.

The labor involved in the preparation of the list of names as given, with its accompanying data of the number of regiment and company, when killed or died, age, etc., was very considerable. It was essentially a labor of love, done without reward or hope of reward, and for his eminent services in this behalf Mr. Roberts is entitled to unbounded gratitude. The credit is wholly his.

FREAKS OF AN INSANE MAN.—An individual who says his name is James H. Stoner was captured at Lilly's on Saturday last, while roaming about in a condition of absolute nudity, and the fact being clearly apparent that he was insane, he was brought hither and locked up in jail for safe keeping. Sheriff Ryan and turnkey McNamara find him a rather hard customer. He has, what may be called lucid intervals, and during one of these, on Sunday last, he was permitted the run of the corridor of the jail. One of his first exploits was to tear off the narrow bar which surmounts the iron railing surrounding the second tier of cells, and using the iron on the side of the window, he walked back and forth over the bar several times. Had either eye or foot failed him for an instant, he must have been precipitated a distance of eighteen or twenty feet to the stone flooring beneath and probably injured badly, if not killed. He was rescued from his perilous position and, by force, but not without vigorous opposition on his part. The following Monday afternoon, he somewhat varied the programme. Procuring a bit of iron, broken from his bedstead, he dug through the wall of his cell into the corridor, removed one of the heaters from the floor, and began upsetting a locust post which stands in the corridor, dropped down into the cellar-way, a distance of ten feet. The cellar way has connection with that part of the jail used by the Sheriff as a residence, and the next appearance of the lunatic, naked as the day he was born, hair alone excepted, was in the sitting room and family of Sheriff Ryan. The sensation he created was allayed as speedily as possible by turnkey McNamara, who, with some assistance, placed him in another cell. Next morning, when he was looked in on again, it was found that he had broken in fragments everything inside of the cell capable of being destroyed, even including the iron guard which encloses the aperture through which the meals of prisoners are handed to them. Prior to his exit from his cell Monday afternoon, he had been secured by manacles around his wrists, being of delicate build, he was able to remove these at pleasure. He is now ironed both hand and foot, and it is expected that hereafter he may be kept within reasonable bounds. Stoner is a young man of probably 22 years, and bears the appearance and uses the language of one who has seen better days. He says his father lives in Newry, Blair county, and seems to confidently await the coming of some one to take him home. His situation is a deplorable one, and it his friends, there or elsewhere, do not interest themselves in his case, it will of course become a necessity to remove him to an asylum.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—The following property was sold at public sale by Sheriff Ryan, at the Court House, Ebensburg, Saturday, 16th instant:

Right, title and interest of Jennie Clarkson to a lot of ground in Gallitzin borough; sold to M. Bracken for $40.

Right, title and interest of Michael McKenna to piece or parcel of ground in Gallitzin borough, with plank house thereon; sold to John Troxell for $500.

Right, title and interest of Charles W. Rickard to piece or parcel of land in White township containing 112 acres, 25 acres cleared, with plank house, frame barn and log stables thereon; sold to David Cummings for $20.

Right, title and interest of Jane Plunket, John Hill, Elizabeth Hill, James A. Plunket, William Hamilton and Catharine Hamilton, heirs and heirs of John Plunket, deceased, to a lot of ground in Chest Springs borough, with frame house and frame stable thereon; sold to M. E. Douglass for $10.

Right title and interest of Simon Kohler to piece or parcel of land in Carroll township containing 92 acres, cleared, with plank house and log barn thereon; sold to Edward Farabaugh for $200.

Right, title and interest of Adam Stewart to tract of land in Adams township containing 401 acres; do, to another tract of land in same township containing 150 acres; do, to another tract of land in same township containing 23 acres, perches, and allowance, with saw-mill, dwelling house, stable thereon. Sold to D. W. Brendlinger for $1,000.

Right, title and interest of Anton Klein to piece or parcel of land in Elder township containing 28 acres, with plank house and barn thereon; sold to Charles Auna for $18.

The other sales advertised were either stayed or postponed to Monday of next week.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.—We learn from the Lancaster *Intelligencer* that Owen Cunningham, whose arrest in Carrolltown and subsequent taking to Lancaster by Officer Berkey, of this place, were noticed in these columns two weeks ago, had a hearing Thursday last before Alderman Spurrier, of that city, on two charges preferred against him of obtaining money by false pretense. The first charge, made by William T. Youart, of Lancaster, is to the effect that the defendant sold Mr. Youart a large bill of lumber and induced him to advance him seventy-two dollars, saying he would have to pay the freight on the lumber before it could be shipped, and that he not only did not pay the freight on said lumber, but failed to send the lumber to Mr. Youart. The second complaint against Cunningham was made by James Hawks, of Chest Springs, Cambria county, who charges that the defendant sold a bill of lumber to Frederick A. Bletz, of Columbia, representing that he was a partner of Mr. Hawks, under the name of O. Cunningham & Co., by means of which false representation he induced Mr. Bletz to advance him seventy-five dollars, whereas he was not a partner of Mr. Hawks and was only authorized to sell lumber for him on commission—said commission having been paid him before he obtained the seventy-eight dollars from Mr. Bletz. In default of bail, Cunningham was committed to jail to answer both charges at the next Court of Quarter Sessions.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—Knowing that this community has been imposed upon by Jews and their gentile imitators with shoddy goods of every description, and especially shoes with paper insoles, paper counters and shoddy outsoles, I take pleasure in offering to the people of this vicinity a line of goods which I can guarantee perfect in every particular. I am the agent in this place of W. E. Schmertz & Co. for the sale of their celebrated shoes, and they have authorized me to guarantee every pair sold and return the money to my customers for any imperfect work that may come out of their shops. I have also for sale the celebrated Walker boot, besides other superior makes of boots. I do not say that I will sell goods at lower prices than other dealers, but I do say that I will furnish a better article, which will make it cheaper because more serviceable.

Yours, &c., JOHN LLOYD.

Ebensburg, Aug. 27, 1879.

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SKETCHES
—OF—
PIONEER LIFE on the ALLEGHENIES.

FIFTH PAPER.

"'Twould be impossible the cold to bide,
Did not kind Heaven the needed fires provide.
Hence in those lands where cold doth domineer
Beneath the ground the coal-field doth appear;
As prudent father doth his cellar fill
With ample fuel 'gainst the winter's chill,
So earth's vast cellar with the coal is stored—
Exhaustless tons on tons—a wondrous hoard."

On the road from Dawson's mill to Gallitzin, and within a mile of the latter place, lies an old farm, now in the possession of Mr. Gallitzin Christy. In the year 1801 this place was reclaimed from the wild domain of nature by the strong arm and indefatigable spirit of a brave pioneer, Mr. John Burgoon, who is the parental ancestor of the people of that patronymic now residing in Cambria county.

It may not be out of place here to remark that the most paying crops produced from the land of that neighborhood consist of lumber and coal—the latter formation cropping out on the surface in many places, as if courting the observation of the miner. Now I may be pardoned for expanding the course of my narrative at this point so as to present a few observations on this wonderful subterranean supply of fuel and its attendant formations.

The red man roamed over this vast continent for ages in the centuries of the past, yet he never thought to utilize this wondrous storehouse of underground fuel which the Creator prepared for the use of man. Indians, Indians, tribes continued to roam over these hills and mountains for many centuries more than they did, we may safely believe that those vast supplies of coal and iron which have done so much for the world, would still be lying dormant and useless in the bosom of the earth, and these "foundations of the earth" would be laid to no purpose.

The pale-faced man of intellect was impelled by Heaven to cross the broad Atlantic and rouse the resources of the New World into activity and usefulness. Otherwise the Creator had left to waste these prodigious supplies of coal and iron. Here we perceive the guiding hand of destiny. These vast stores of utility were lying ready to be developed, with no intelligent workmen fit or willing for the task. The native tribes lived, hunted, fought and died, leaving behind them no trace in the tide of time; but a Columbus was born in the Old World and the star of progress began to ascend in the western horizon. When the kings of the earth drew back in cold apathy, a woman came to the help of the sailor of destiny on his heaven-inspired voyage and a New World was discovered "wherein dwelleth righteousness." And it right answers, does not dwell in this New World peopled by men who fled from the oppressions of the Old World, like Noah's dove, where would she find a resting-place for the sole of her foot on the wide waste of *iniquity* which overspreads the realms across the great waters? Long live the memory of Isabella of Spain, who came in the "help of the woman" in the time of need! So the white race occupied the New World, and the decrees of God stood fast. The pioneers, mostly from Germany, were the white men in the occupancy of Andrew M'Kennie, about a mile from Biller's on the same road toward Carrolltown. Old Robert Ashcraft, who figured in the opening scenes in the last paper, was a connection of the Nugents and settled in about the same date. When these people settled in, there was no other grown persons as well as children than six or seven, and on one occasion, when the Nugents and Ashcrafts were engaged in a tract of land through the forest to this distant mart, that benumbed old hunter perished with cold on his return through Blair's Gap.

Andrew Anderson was born in 1762 and died in 1834; hence his life embraced the period of the Revolutionary War. He rests in a little burying-ground on the old Nugent place, with a neat grave-stone at the head. Some of his old neighbors are still neighbors in that quiet nook, where the tall grass waves through the long summer's day and the lily peeps in beauty from the native brier, but not fatigable brambles. Here no sound save the voice of the ploughman in the buoyant spring-tide, the chat of the busy reaper in harvest, or the merry laughter of the corn-cutters in the brown autumn, ever disturbs the quietude of this lone mansion-lot of the fields. The chattering of the timid bird as it flies home at even to its nest, or nest in the neighboring tree, the call of the coon on his moonlight forage—the sigh of the night-breeze through the whispering tree-tops —all these are sounds congenial to the genius of this humble resting-place of the pioneer.

Before the year 1800, Wm. Dodson settled in on the place now in the possession of his grandson, the present Wm. Dodson. This place lies about half a mile into the left from Andrew M'Kenzie's place, which we previously located. He had four sons—Richard, Andrew, William and Joseph. Mrs. Dodson now on the place is a son of Andrew Dodson, who died only a few years ago, and now sleeps with his fathers within the sacred precincts of Loretto burying ground. Richard Dodson improved the place near Loretto where Jacob Nagle now lives, but he never had a son to profit by and continue the name of his labors; hence the name has died out in that neighborhood.

Some time before the year 1801, Joseph Adams came up out of Maryland and settled on what is now known as the Dougherty place, lying next to the Rogue farm, and not far from Kaylor's station, on the P. R. R. After he left the Dougherty place he located in Clearfield township, about a mile from St. Augustine, on the old Philipsburg road, where he died in the year 1821, and was buried, I believe, in Loretto.

Wm. Adams came up from Maryland at the same time with his brother Joseph and settled in about Loretto, where he remained for some months, on the place lately owned by —— Bender, now in possession of Mr. Chas. Fleck. This place fell into the hands of Joseph Conrad, who was accidentally killed by a tree-top while in possession, while chopping up a piece of land.

After Wm. Adams lost his piece he lived a short time at Loretto, and died in the year 1825, and is on the place now owned by Thos. W. Adams, which is on the road leading from Loretto to Carrolltown and not far from Gallitzin Springs. Hence the advance of this region are all descended from those two Marylanders who emigrated before 1800 from the vicinity of Emmettsburg in that State.

On the Adams place, now owned by Leyland Furnace there is a farm now in the possession of John Gallagher which was first reclaimed from the forest before the year 1810 by Joseph Dougherty. The pioneer of Mrs. Dougherty, wife of the proprietor, is a daughter of old John Douglass, and is therefore a connecting link, so to speak, between the pioneer days and the present time. Those days, which have overlapped the pioneer generation, if we may be permitted to use the figure, can relate many an interesting incident of the early days, before the pomp and pride of the present usurped the reign of the primitive simplicity of pioneer life and manners.

In those days a man's worth consisted in his characteristic qualities, and not in a patrimonial position which he did nothing to earn, nor in fine clothes, with a full purse behind them. If a man had to earn his commission, so to speak, or his pretensions to be a leader amongst his fellows were based upon his own merits, and not upon the influence of his position, separates the true character from the spurious. When a man has rendered any great service to his fellows, it has been the common custom in every age to confer special favors on that man—that is, when his fellow men, and not a jealous despot, had the donation of the gift, for kings are proverbially ungrateful. Witness the page of history. So a man's term of distinction in society would last just as long as his usefulness to it, so long as he remains honest and upright, and works for the good of his compatriots. History often presents a character perched on the highest round of the social ladder, who commands the admiration and horror at the wicked antics he has cut before the world. Now, what right had that man to usurp the high position he occupied? Simply because, when the times called for the man, he was not there. Hence the adage, "will of dead mens bones"—whited only on the outside? When there is no "screw loose" in the machine, how can such things be? Is such a thing as "filling your pockets" sacred? Is a man's qualification for office should be *righteousness*, for would you take a *thief* for your *private secretary*? Let us have *honest* men to deal out *public office*. Keep the best men in the best places. That is a righteous and politic rule, and will guide any community or nation into the paths of prosperity and happiness.

But we have again widely wandered from the main thoroughfare of our subject, and must hastily return to the pioneer by-path.

John Douglass, jr., a son of the old pioneer settler, accompanied by John Burgoon, jr., and eleven other families, emigrated to the Texas Republic in the year 1835. Burgoon did not remain long in Texas, however, but came back to this county and took up land in the vicinity of Beaver dam creek in Clearfield township. Douglass' family were all massacred in Texas with the exception of two—a son who was away on business and a married daughter. That was indeed pioneer life and vicissitudes in the strictest acceptance of the terms. Just imagine a happy and prosperous household, living in all the comfort and innocence which a rural home could bestow. The little house are happy as the day is long, playing in the bright sunshine, and when at even they come home tired with labor on the farm, seeking the shelter of their lodge roof, they partake of their evening meal with the thoughtless contentment of early childhood. When the night has thrown her curtain of darkness over the land, they kneel in prayer and then retire to rest, sleeping the deep, calm sleep of innocence, without a fear to disturb their happy dreams. But what horrible sounds is that which startles the silence of peace in the calm night hour? The terror of death seizes the trembling inmates of the quiet cot, and they know not where to flee. Amidst the confused noise of the fierce Comanche, the shrieking child clings to the father, trusting that he can save it from death, and that father died bravely defending the helpless little one. The wife, mother, daughter, the son, are ruthlessly hewn to death while vainly imploring for life; and in a few moments the family is still and silent in the sleep that knows no waking—father, mother, little ones and all. The lurid flames of conflagration finish the hellish foray; and when the shadows of another night fall on the scene, nothing but a smoking desolation reigns where the eye before all was domestic peace and happiness.

Such was the fate of John Douglass and family in the far-off land of Texas, and such has been the fate of many a frontier family before and since.

As we have previously stated, when John Burgoon came home from Texas he took up a wild farm in Clearfield township, this county, in the vicinity of Beaver creek. The family penetrated into the wilds and commenced the work of reducing the forest land to a productive state, having no roof or shelter of any kind till they erected a temporary booth or shed, the construction of which may be described as follows: A green pine tree was selected and felled in a convenient position, and a log the desired length of the booth is chopped off. Poles or rafters are then cut long enough to render the depth of the booth from front to back ample and convenient. These poles or rafters are driven into the ground behind the supporting log, on which they all rest—all leaning at the same angle. Other poles the length of the booth are then cut and fastened along at right angles to the first, and at equal distances apart, for the support of the roof covering of pine-boughs or hemlock bark. The bark is stripped off in pretty wide strips, which are straightened out and laid on in courses, as you would lay shingles, and a better or a tighter roof one could not wish for. In the absence of barks, pine boughs, chopped off in convenient lengths, answer very well. These boughs are laid in courses on the above described supporting poles, with their butts upward, and they make a pretty tight roof for sunshine or rainy weather. A good, cheerful fire is built in front, the whole length of the booth, if necessary, and one can then sleep within and have no fear of midnight prowlers from the forest—the fire guarding in front and the great log in the rear. This sort of dwelling can be erected in short order, and would answer very well for the use of hunters, homesteaders, or exploring parties of any kind. An axe is the only tool needed for the work.

I will now bring this paper to a close, as my pen has "ta'en the rust," and not an

EQUINE SAGACITY.

A pleasant story comes to us from the Cape of Good Hope, Africa. In Graaf Reinett, as well as in all of the old Dutch towns of the Colony, there is a large open place, or market square, where the farmers, traders, and others, arriving at any hour of the day or night, might "outspan" their horses and oxen from their wagons, send the cattle out to the commonage to feed, while they bivouac at their wagons, as it is the wont of African travelers to do, until the 8 o'clock morning market auction.

An old horse belonging to one of these parties had wandered about in search of grass and water—vainly, no doubt, for it was during the severe drought from which the country is but now recovering. Coming to the great bare market place, and finding a knot of men talking there, he then singled out one of them, and pulled him by the sleeve with his teeth. The man, thinking that the horse might possibly bite, repulsed him, but it was not very roughly done, and he returned to the charge with the same reception; but as he was a persevering animal, he practically demonstrated the truth of the axiom that "perseverance gains the day," for on his taking the chosen sleeve for the third time between his teeth, the owner awoke to the idea that a deed of kindness might be required of him. So putting his hand on the horse's head, he said, "All right, old fellow; march on!" The horse at once led the way to a pump on the further side of the square. Some colored servants were lounging about the spot. At the bidding of the white man, one of them filled a bucket with water; replenished and emptied it before the "great thirst" was assuaged, and then the grateful brute almost spoke his thanks to his white friend by rubbing his nose against his arm, after which he walked off with a great sigh of relief.

A story somewhat analogous to the foregoing was told to me by a friend, whose uncle, an old county 'Squire in one of our Western counties, had a favorite hunter in a loose box in the stable. It happened on a warm summer's day that he was "athirst," and could get no water. He tried to draw the groom's attention to the fact, but without success. The horse was not to be discouraged; he had evidently given the matter consideration. The thirst was pressing. All at once he remembered that he had always a certain halter put upon his head when he was led to water. He knew where it hung and he managed to unhook it from its peg, and carried it to the groom, who, in great admiration of the knowledgeable animal, rewarded him in the manner he desired.

SHARP HEARING.—According to the Rochester papers a physician of that city has a wonderful ear. The faculty which he possesses for distinguishing sound is truly marvelous, if all that is related of him can be credited. For instance: He can tell the number of the railroad locomotives by their bells. Railroad men say that this is the only case of the kind they ever knew. Old and experienced engineers, switchmen, and those whose work brings them within the hearing of a large number of engine bells, say that at the most they can learn to know only a very few compared with the great number the doctor can name readily, almost without thought. He cannot only give the numbers of several hundred, but in cases where locomotives have been remodeled and renumbered he can give the old number as well as the new one. He says there are six locomotives familiar to him, the bells of which are keyed in pairs. For instance numbers 164 and 165 have bells in the same key. These engines, he says, he has not heard in eight years, and does not know what has become of them—whether they are broken or are running farther east. Numbers 176 and 253 have the same key, and also 189 and 195. These six locomotives are the only ones to his knowledge, in the old class, which have the same key. The new locomotives—that is, the numbers of which are above 500—are all keyed nearly alike. Not long ago an old switch engine, used in the yard at Buffalo, was sent to Rochester for some special purpose. As it passed through the street the doctor heard the bell and remarked to the family that the engine was of a certain number and that he had not heard it for six years. A boarder in the house, anxious to test the case, ran to the track and found that the information was correct. Not long since the young man went to Syracuse on business. He heard an engine coming out of the round house, and remarked to a friend that he knew the bell, although he had not heard it in five years. When the engine came into view, the number given was found to be correct.

THE CAUSE OF THUNDER.—I have lately seen it stated in a text-book upon electricity and magnetism that the phenomenon of thunder is not fully accounted for by any theory as yet brought forward. Whether this be so or not, I am not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to say. I believe the commonly accepted theory is that a vacuum is created in the path of the electric spark, and that the subsequent inrush of the air produces the detonation. If, however, it be allowed that the electric spark is not a material substance, but that it is merely a natural force or mode of action, the possibility of this theory is at once disposed of. It is a well-known fact that the passage of electricity in a high state of tension through a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, not only causes an explosion, but also causes the formation of water, and as it ought to be that, given the existence of free oxygen and hydrogen in the region of the disturbance, the phenomenon of thunder is sufficiently accounted for. Whether the normal amount of hydrogen in the air is sufficient to cause the stupendous noise of thunder I am not competent to judge; but if not, I would suggest that the presence of an abnormal amount might be accounted for by the process of the electrolysis, which would probably occur between the two poles of the thunder-cloud before the tension became so great as to cause a rupture of the circuit and consequent discharge of the electric spark. I would also draw your attention to the fact that every thunder-clap is immediately followed by an increase in the quantity of water deposited in the shape of rain. Does not this point to the formation of water by the explosion of the gases? As I myself am unable, from want of means and time, to investigate the matter, I should be glad to find that some one better qualified had taken the subject in hand. It is a frequent experiment of Dr. Tyndall's to show his audience real clouds. I feel convinced that by following this line of inquiry he could give us a real thunderstorm.—*Nature.*

FARMERS, READ THIS.—Many are ignorant of the fact that there is a law in existence relating to the extirpation of the Canada thistle. This law imperatively requires that they shall be cut down before going to seed, and he who fails to do this can be informed against and made to pay a fine of $75, one-half of which goes to the county treasury and the other half to the informer making proof of the fact. Again, any one believing that his land is about to be endangered by the seed of a growing thistle may give five days notice to the party on whose land they are growing to destroy them, and if said party does not do so, he may enter the premises, cut the thistles, and collect two dollars a day for his labor. This law is an important one to farmers.

A PET of isinglass dissolved in gin, or boiled in spirits of wine, makes a strong cement for broken glass or china.

TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT
—ON THE—
PEOPLE'S CHEAP STORE!
Loretto, Pa.
M. J. TEITELBAUM
STILL HOLDING THE FORT!
BETTER BARGAINS! BIGGER BUSINESS!
THAN EVER BEFORE!
New Goods! New Goods! New Goods!
GOOD GOODS, GOOD GOODS, GOOD GOODS.
Cheap Goods! Cheap Goods! Cheap Goods!
Goods Unsurpassed and Prices Unexcelled!
THOUGH NOT UNDERSOLD!
COME AND SEE!
COME AND HEAR!
COME AND BUY!
Pause! Ponder! Purchase!

Here is a partial list of the kind of goods we keep and the wonderful bargains we offer:

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Men's Suits as low as	$ 7 50
Men's Fine Suits for	5 00
Men's All-Wool Cassimere Suits for	8 00
Men's Fine Doeskin Dress Suits for	12 00
Men's All-Wool Pants and Vest	3 00
Men's All-Wool Pants and Vest (best)	5 00
Youths' Clothing, full suits, from $3.00 to	6 00
Boys' Clothing as low as	2 50
Boys' Clothing, all-wool, for	5 00

And all other wearing apparel at prices proportionately cheap.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

25 yards Calico for	$1 00
14 yards Heavy Gingham for	1 00
14 yards Appleton A Muslin for	1 00
20 yards Unbleached Muslin for	1 00
14 yards good Bleached Muslin for	1 00
11 yards very best Bleached Muslin for	1 00
10 yards Drilling for	1 00
All kinds of Jeans and other goods which will positively be sold cheaper than the cheapest.	

NOTION DEPARTMENT.

2 spools Cotton Thread, warranted 200 yards, for	5c.
3 packets Hair Pins for	5c.
1 pair Men's Half Hose for	5c.
1 pair Ladies' Hose for	5c.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

8 lbs. good Brown Coffee for	$1 00
5 lbs. Browned Rio Coffee for	1 00
10 lbs. Green Coffee for	1 00
6 lbs. Green Coffee (best in market) for	1 00
12 lbs. Brown Sugar for	1 00
12 lbs. Coffee Sugar for	1 00
11 lbs. White Sugar for	1 00
2 gals. good Syrup for	1 00
2 gals. Syrup in market-head up to	1 50
1 Scrub Brush for	10
1 Broom for	10
4 boxes Blacking for	10
12 boxes Matches for	10
3 boxes Lye or 3 balls Potash for	25
10 cans Tomatoes for	1 00
7 gals. Kerosene Oil for	1 00
25 lbs. cakes Soap for	1 00

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.

1 pair Men's good Plow Shoes for	90c.
1 pair Men's good Buckled Shoes for	$1 15
1 pair Men's best Calf Boots for	1 75
1 pair Men's best Calf Kip Boots for	3 00
1 pair Women's good Shoes for	90
1 pair Women's best Shoes for	1 50
1 pair Misses' Shoes for	75
1 pair Ladies' best Gaiters for	1 50

Misses' Shoes, of all styles and sizes, from 90 to 1 20
A large stock of Children's Shoes at lowest prices.
A very large stock of Baby Shoes at 25c. per pair.

HAT DEPARTMENT.

Men's Hats as low as	40c.
Men's Fine Dress Hats for	$1 00
Best Hats in the market for	$1 50 up to 2 00

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LADIES' HATS.—We have the largest stock of Ladies' Hats to be found in Northern Cambria, and will sell them cheaper than any milliner can buy them in the city. Also, a large lot of Misses' and Children's Hats at wonderful low prices.

Read and Judge for Yourselves!

☞Please give the above list a careful examination and what I will see that I have reduced everything to the utmost limit, which it was only possible to do by lopping off all expenses for clerk hire, etc., and attending to the entire business myself. Hence it is that I am able to undersell other merchants who employ clerks at large salaries and require their customers to pay for the luxury; and hence it is also that I defy any one to compete with the above prices. So come and see me, everybody, and rest assured that if I can't give you good bargains no man in the county is able to do it. At least this is the sentiment of all who have purchased goods at the "PEOPLE'S CHEAP VARIETY STORE," kept by

M. J. TEITELBAUM,
LORETTO, PA.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $120,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
GOOD FARM PROPERTES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1879-1y.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & Co.
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Penn'a.
MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,
AND A GENERAL
BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
☞Special attention paid to business of our respondents.
Nov. 19, 1875.-tf. A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Removed to Bank Building
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Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
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HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
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T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
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Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1878.-1y.*

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DINING ROOMS!
For Ladies and Gentlemen.
161 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.
FINEST DINING ROOMS IN THE CITY.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS. OYSTERS and SUPPERS served at short notice.
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GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*,
Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27.-72.]

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Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

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As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

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Price, One Dollar.

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FOR THE WHISKERS.
This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

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VIGORENE
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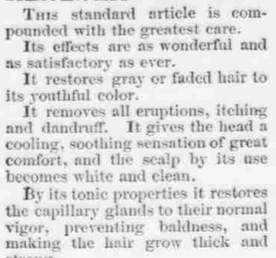
for all DISEASES arising from a deranged condition of the BLOOD, LIVER, NERVES, or DIGESTIVE ORGANS.



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$100 IN GOLD
to any person afflicted with a disease that VIGORENE will not relieve or cure, providing the bones or organs are not entirely destroyed.

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A trial of one bottle insures its adoption in every family, for no Man, Woman or Child can take VIGORENE and remain long sick. It first cleanses the system, then repairs, then builds up, thus curing disease and establishing health on a permanent, safe and enduring basis.

Put up in large bottles, and is pleasant to take.

Sold by Druggists generally. Price, $1.00 per Bottle.
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☞For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, who are authorized to guarantee VIGORENE to prove as represented. [10-11,'78.-1y.]

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(A Medicine, not a Drink,)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.
The HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidney is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. Ask druggist.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
Send for circular.
Above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically*.

☞This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent free, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address.

Address the Publishers,
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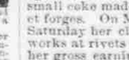
41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box 4586.
June 26, 1878.-1y.

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN,



Surgeon Dentist,
WILL make professional visits to Ebensburg on the FIRST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one week. Also, will be in Wilmore on the SECOND MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one week. All work warranted.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LILLY'S, CAMBRIA CO., PA.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Washington and adjoining townships. Office and residence on railroad street, opposite Passenger station, where night and day calls will receive prompt attention, regardless of distance or weather. Diseases of women and children a specialty.
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Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19,-tf.]

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THE BEST COW IN PERIL.

Old Farmer B. is a stingy man;
He keeps all he gets and gets all he can,
By all his friends he is said to be
As tight as the bark on a young birch-tree.
He goes to church and rents a pew,
But the dimes he gives the Lord are few.
If he gets to heaven with the good and great,
He will be let in through the smallest gate.

Now Farmer B., besides dragging the ploughs,
Keeps a number of very fine calves and cows;
He makes no butter, but sends by express
The milk to the city's thirstiness.

"What do the city folks know about milk?
They are better judges of cloth and silk?
Not a man who buys, I'll vow, can tell
If I water it not, or water it well,
If they do not know, then where's the sin?
I will put the sparkling water in?"
Thus talked to himself old Farmer B.;
How mean he is old and young can see.

One night it was dark; oh, fearfully dark!
The watch-dog never came out to bark.
Old Farmer B. in his bed did snore,
When rap, rap, rap, nearly shattered the door;
And a voice cried out with hasty breath,
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."

Clipping off the end of a rousing snore,
Farmer B. bounded out on the bedroom floor,
And the midnight voice was heard no more.
He pulled on his pants, he knew not how,
For his thoughts were all on his choking cow;
He flew to the yard like a frightened deer,
For his stingy soul was filled with fear.
Looking around by the lantern's light,
He found that the cows were there all right.

"I will give a dime," said Farmer B.,
"To know who played this trick on me;
May the hand be stiff and the knuckles sore
That knocked to-night on my farm-house door."
With a scowl on his face and a shaking head,
Farmer B. again sought his nice warm bed;
No good thoughts came—they were all overpowered;
The little good nature he had was soured.

When he went to water his milk next day,
The midnight voice seemed to say,
As he pumped with panting breath,
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."
The meaning of this he soon found out,
For a stone was driven in the old pump's spout.

Old Farmer B., when he drives to town,
Now meets his neighbors with savage frown;
They smile, and ask as they kindly bow,
"How getteth along the best cow now?"

WOMAN AT THE ANVIL.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writing from Rowley Regis—a Lancashire village—thus describes one of the strange sights of that district:

I came here to inquire for myself how much it would cost to deliver one-hundred tons of coal a month by the Rowley Colliery Company at two or three given localities within a distance of ten miles, and having satisfied myself on that point, much to my pleasure I continued my walk from the coal pit up through the fields to Rowley Old Church. I came to a place called Bell End, which is apparently a new part of the old village. Through a small window I observed a female head bobbing up and down; soon I heard the sound of a hammer; and never having seen any rivet-making done by human hands, I thranded my way through some brick passages until I came to the little smithy where "Alice" was at work. This was the name by which her father called her, whom I met on my way, and to whom I am indebted for the following remarkable piece of knowledge: Alice, I may say, was a young wife engaged in blowing the bellows, heating a piece of iron in a "gleed" forge and producing rivets from an anvil at the rate of three-thousand a day. For this manual labor Alice, her father proceeded to tell me in her presence, gets from the warehouse 1s 3d., out of which she had to pay for wear and tear of tools 1d., carriage 1d., and a like sum for gleeds, a kind of small coke made expressly for nail and rivet forgers. On Monday she does her washing Saturday her cleaning up, so that she only works at rivets four days in the week, and her gross earnings, therefore, amount to 4s. 6d. for forging 12,000 rivets. I have said nothing of rent which Alice would pay and might amount to one shilling a week. She was a sedate young woman, well spoken, with very fair hair, and a low, sweet voice. John Price (Alice's father) then, at my request, took me to see his neighbors, Edward and Phyllis Tromens, who lived and worked at making nails close by. Phyllis is a handsome woman, with beautiful white teeth and abundance of flesh, which Rubens might have painted, it is so plentiful and rosy. This woman was forging large nails and the manner in which she makes a nail with a point and a head an inch and a half in circumference fly off a piece of hot iron was marvelous to behold. She works from eight o'clock in the morning until nine at night, and in four days will forge fifty-four pound weight of clout nails, for which she will receive the wondrous price of 3s. 81., of which she has to pay 5d. for gleeds and 2d. for tools. Her husband works "as hard as he can drive" from six o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, and his week's wages amount to 12s., from which tenpence for gleeds and fourpence for tools will have to be deducted, to say nothing of rent. Edward Tromans was only forty-three years old, but looked much nearer seventy Two other young women were hammering away at rivets in company with Phyllis, and never, as long as I live, shall I forget that little smithy. I once traveled many miles to see "Vulcan's Forge", by Velasquiz, but there was in that famous picture no figure equal to that of Phyllis Tromens, and I shall remember Phyllis to the day of my death. That such a woman should be slaving in soot—blowing bellows, now with her left and then wielding a hammer with her right hand—forging clout nails for twelve hours a day, in order to earn less that forty pence a week, is a phenomenon that I never would have believed possible in England, if I had not seen it.

AN ANCIENT ROSE TREE.

Herr Leunis, a well known botanist of Hildesheim (Hanover), thus describes a remarkable rose tree (or rather climber, for it is supported against the wall of a church) growing in his town, and which was in existence when Christianity itself was little more than 1,000 years old: and, if tradition is to be believed, had even then been blooming nearly 300 summers. Herr Leunis says:

The oldest known rose tree in the world is one at present growing against the wall of the cathedral of this town (Hildesheim), remarkable alike for its extreme age and for the scanty nourishment with which it has supported itself for so many centuries. It varies but slightly from the common dog rose (*Rosa canina*); the leaves are rather more ovate, the pedicles and lower leaf surfaces more hairy, and the fruit smaller and more globular. The stem is two inches thick at its junction with the root, and the whole plant covers some 24 square feet of the wall. Bishop Herlbe, who flourished between 1054—1079, took special interest in this rose as being a remarkable monument of the past: and when the cathedral was rebuilt, after being burned down in 1061, he had it once more trained against the portion of the wall which had been spared by the fire. Tradition states that, in the year of grace 814, the Emperor Ludwig the Pious, son of Charlemagne, was staying with his court at Hildesheim. Being desirous of hunting in the huge forest where now stands Hildesheim, mass was said by the imperial chaplain at the place of rendezvous. By some mishap, when the service was concluded and the party dispersed, the vessel containing the sacred elements was left behind. On returning to the spot the following day, great was the surprise of the chaplain to find the holy vessel overshadowed by the tender branchlets of a lovely rose, which had sprung up in the night, and now filled the air with the perfume of its flowers. The emperor shortly after arrived, and by his command a chapel was built, with the altar standing on the spot occupied by the roots of the rose, that very rose which is now blooming as freshly as though a single decade, and not a thousand years, had passed over its head."

But, tradition aside, certain it is that the roots of the existing rose tree are buried under the altar of the cathedral, and consequently inside the building, the stem being carried through the wall to the outer air by a perforation made expressly for it.—*Scientific American.*

HOW TO CIRCUMVENT THE CURCULIO.—A Maryland farmer writes:

Corn cobs dipped in molasses and suspended from limbs in the plum trees have saved many a crop of plums for me. I have done this for several years with entire success. The curculio lays its brood in the sweetened corn instead of the plums. From six to a dozen of prepared corn cobs are sufficient for an ordinary sized tree.

SUPERSTITION ABOUT STORMS.—Caverns were supposed by the Romans to be secure places of refuge during thunderstorms, and they believed that lightning never penetrated more than two yards into the earth. Acting on this superstition the Emperor Augustus used to withdraw into some deep vault of the palace whenever a tempest was feared, and it is recorded by Suetonious that he always wore a skin of seal as a precaution against lightning. That both precautions were equally unavailing needs scarcely to be mentioned. Lightning has been known to strike ten feet into the earth; but not even the marvelous accuracy of modern science can determine at what distance from the surface a safe retreat may be found from the descending fluid; and, even were this ascertained, the dangers from ascending electric currents remain the same. With regard to seal-skins, we find that the Romans attached so much faith to them as nonconductors that tents were made of them, beneath which the timid used to take refuge. It is a somewhat curious fact that in the neighborhood of Mount Cevennes, in the Languedoc, where anciently some Roman colonies were known to have existed, the shepherds cherish a similar superstition respecting the skins of serpents. These they carefully collect, and having covered their hats withal, believe themselves secure against the dangers of the storm. M. Labossiere is disposed to see a link of interesting analogy between the legend yet lingering in the mind of the peasant of Cevennes and the more costly superstition held by his Latin ancestors. The Emperors of Japan retire into a deep grotto during the tempests which rage with such severity in their latitude; but, not satisfied with the profundity of the excavation, or the strength of the stones of which it is built, they complete their precautions by having a reservoir of water sunk in their retreat. The water is intended to extinguish the lightning—a measure equally futile, since many instances have been preserved in which the fluid has fallen upon the water with the same destructive effect as upon land.

A CYCLOPEDIA FOR $10.00.—Perhaps the most remarkable literary enterprise of the time is the publication of the Library of Universal Knowledge in 50 volumes of nearly 1,000 pages each handsomely bound, for fifty cents per volume, or $19.50 for the full set. It is a reprint entire of the last (1879) Edinburgh and London edition of Chambers' Encyclopedia, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers. The amount of matter will somewhat exceed that of the Cyclopedias of Appleton or Johnson, though the price is but a fraction of their cost. Volume one is to be ready early in September and the others will follow at very short intervals. The remarkably low prices are accounted for by the method of sale, to the subscribers direct, leaving them the large commission, often 50 or 60 per cent., paid to agents or dealers; also, by the recent great reduction in the cost of making books and by very large sales. This certainly is a work that millions will appreciate. Special inducements are offered to early subscribers and to clubs. The same publishers have recently issued editions of Chambers' Cyclopedia of English Literature, 4 vols., $2.00, formerly sold in 2 vols. for $9; also, Rollin's Ancient History, and Josephus' Works, large type edition, for $2.25 and $2.00, and Smith's Dictionary, $1.00.

They also publish, in August and September, the Acme Library of Biography, 12 vols., and the Acme Library of Modern Classics, 9 vols., the former at 35 cents and the latter at 50 cents per volume. In these series are presented such authors as Carlyle, Macaulay, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Lamartine, Michelet, Thomas Moore, Walter Scott, and Fouvue, and such subjects as Caesar, Cromwell, Burns, Joan of Arc, Vicar of Wakefield, Pocahon, Lalla Rookh, &c. Full catalogue of publications, terms to clubs, &c., will be sent free on request by the publishers, the AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE, 55 BEEKMAN ST., N. Y.

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FREE HOMES!
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Is published by the Land Department of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, to supply the large and increasing demand for information about KANSAS, and especially the magnificent body of lands granted by Congress in aid of the construction of its road. This grant comprises
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THE KANSAS PACIFIC
Is 114 Miles the Shortest Road from Kansas City to Denver.
The favorite route of the tourist and the best line to the
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A copy of THE HOMESTEAD will be mailed free to any address by applying to
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March 14, 1879.-6m.

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$10 to $1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks make fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BANKER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N.Y.

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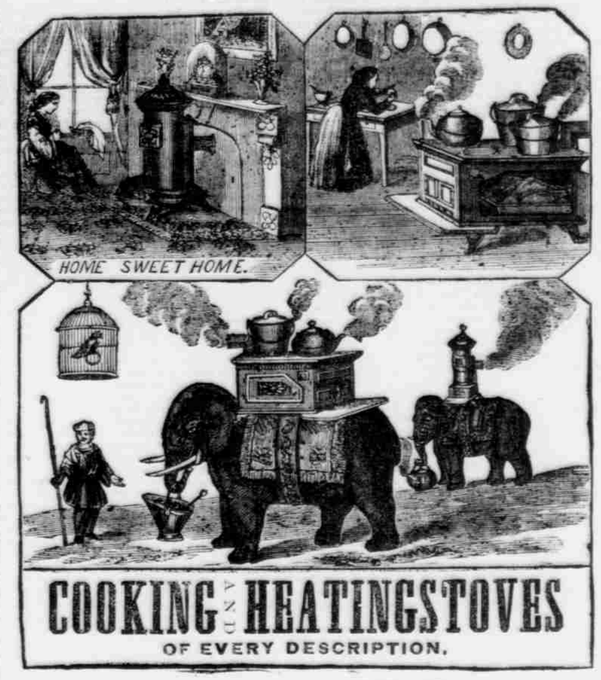
—CASH DEALER IN—



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AT THE POPULAR PIONEER
CLOTHING HOUSE
OF GODFREY WOLF,
12th St., Next Door to P. O., Altoona, Pa.
Has simply been immense, the large establishment being for the most part crowded from morning until night, so that in not a few instances it became necessary to employ extra salesmen in order to accommodate the public; yet, notwithstanding this unprecedented rush of customers, the mammoth stock at this great Clothing Emporium has been found equal to all demands made upon it for new and desirable
CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS!
and is to-day the best stocked and really the cheapest house in that city. Nothing but the lowest prices, strictly adhered to year in and year out, has created and maintained such a business as has been done at this favorite Clothing Store, where
PRICES are DOWN!
and will be kept down to the very lowest figures. No one, therefore, should buy a Summer Suit, Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat, Cap, or anything in the way of Furnishing Goods, until he has seen the stock and learned the prices at
GODFREY WOLF'S
ONE-PRICE AND LOWEST PRICED CLOTHING HOUSE,
[6-6.] Next Door to the Post-Office, Altoona, Pa. [3m.]

HERE I AM AGAIN!
—NOT AS AN ASPIRANT FOR—
PUBLIC OFFICE
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PUBLIC PATRONAGE!
Having pulled down his political vest and embarked in the mercantile business on an extensive scale at his
LARGE STORE ROOM ON HIGH STREET,
Recently occupied by McLaughlin Brothers,
Where he has just opened and is now offering for sale an immense, varied and elegant STOCK OF GOODS of every description,
N. J. FREIDHOFF
Is fully prepared to pull down—in fact has pulled down—the prices of all kind of merchandise, and is giving bargains in
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,
QUEENSWARE, &c., &c., which cannot fail to attract the attention and secure the patronage of cash buyers who want to get the most goods and the best goods for their money. So don't forget to call, and this fact before you keep: A broom that's new is best of all, because it makes the cleanest sweep.
N. J. FREIDHOFF.
EBENSBURG, MARCH 21, 1879.-tf.

EBENSB'G WOOLEN FACTORY.
COUNTRY WORK A SPECIALTY.
THE undersigned having recently purchased the property known as the EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY from the Assignee of A. Y. & Geo. W. Jones, desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that they propose putting said Factory in operation forthwith for the purpose of doing all kinds of COUNTRY WORK, such as Carding, Dyeing, Spinning, Weaving, &c. Will also Manufacture Blankets, Flannels, Cassimers and Yarn.
Having secured the services of an EXPERIENCED and PRACTICAL man to manage the business, we can guarantee entire satisfaction to all who favor us with their custom. F. H. BARKER,
ALVIN EVANS.
ED. JAMES.
Ebensburg, May 2, 1879.-tf.

B. O. Oeschger,
FASHIONABLE CUTTER AND COSTUMER,
EBENSBURG, PA.
SHOP in Gurley Building, on High street, where choice samples of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., from which selections can be made, will at all times be kept on hand, and full suits or single articles of wearing apparel for either gents or youths will be made to order on the shortest notice, in the latest and best style, and at the lowest living price. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases and the best of work furnished fully as cheap as inferior clothing can be bought ready-made. ☞A trial is earnestly solicited. B. O. OESCHGER.
Ebensburg, May 23, 1879.-tf.
30 Fancy Cards, Chromo, Snowflake, &c., no 2 alike with name, 10c. J. Mikkler & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

PAPER HANGING.

We would urge the necessity, from a sanitary point of view, of having the walls of a room thoroughly stripped of all old paper and washed and dried before laying on a new paper. Old papers, containing as they do a large amount of vegetable and animal matter in the form of size, are easily softened by moisture and are then subject to putrefaction and mildew, the effluvia from which is both unpleasant